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THE STILL HUNTER.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

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CHAPTER XI.

Tracking on Bare Ground.

The marvelous skill indispensable for tracking game on bare ground, the wondrous insight into the mysteries of wood craft necessary to enable one to make use of a track or sign, and the pitiable failure which any one but an expert will surely make in attempting it, is another subject upon which many quills have wept floods of swash. The only effect of this is to deter many a one, who, without obtaining great or perfect skill, might attain enough to afford him good sport. It would be just about as sensible to talk of the enormous difficulties of reading the telegraphic alphabet by ear. The reading of tracks—for reading, it essentially is—is the same operation as the reading of the telegraphic message by sound; an operation of the brain more than of the organ of sense. Precisely the same sounds strike the ear of any person that strike the ear of the operator, but the inexperienced brain does not separate or distinguish them as does the brain of the practiced operator. And so the eye of the novice that is not defective receives from the ground the same impressions that the eye of the experienced tracker does. This being purely mechanical, there can be no difference. But the brain of the beginner does not distinguish or separate the track from the rest of the picture. And why not? Simply because it has never tried it. The old-fashioned telegraphic operator sat for years and daily heard the same sounds that the operator of to-day hears, but could not read much by sound; while the operator of to-day picks it up in a few weeks. The sole difference is that one depended on his slip of paper and never paid any attention to the sounds. There are few mere city boys who could track a moose any distance in the woods, but there is scarcely a sixteen year old boy in the backwoods who has to look up a lost "critter" every few days, or a young vaquero in California, who would not laugh at the superhuman skill exhibited by the Indians in tracking a moose weighing about one thousand pounds, which I have seen more than once described by very able writers in terms that implied conclusively that such a tremendous feat was beyond the power of the white man.

There may be a hereditary tendency in the Indian which makes it easier for him to learn it; but the whole secret is perfect sight and practice, practice, practice. And with practice enough the white man can do it as well as the Indian. If the Indian excels the white man it is more in what he will do than in what he can do. Just as he will run himself nearly to death for a deer where the average white man would have sense enough to spare himself, just so he will stick to a poor trail where the white man would give it up as not worth the trouble. When the Indian starts for meat he is bound to have it, and hangs on as long as there is a ghost of a chance. Here he undoubtedly excels, and so far as I am concerned he is perfectly welcome to the glory of all this superiority.

Though tracking on bare ground is often very difficult, and on some kinds of ground with some kinds of game almost, if not quite, impossible to either white man or Indian; yet, in about the only cases in which it will be at all worth while, it is tolerably easy. The Indian rarely tracks a single deer on most kinds of bare ground unless it is wounded, or unless deer are scarce. And it will seldom pay a white man except on certain kinds of ground. Where a single track goes through heavy timber, where the ground is covered with leaves, or dead grass, or where it is very dry and hard or frozen, or thickly covered with brush, especially where there are many other tracks, rare indeed is the hunter, white or red, who will have patience to follow the track; and sometimes they could not follow if they would.

But on the other hand, there are some kinds of ground on which a deer can be followed with almost as much certainty as on snow, and so fast as to require little patience on the part of the hunter. Such are the bare hilly regions where the ground is not too rocky, and where little or no grass grows, and the brush is not too thick. Such is almost all open ground when very wet and not too much covered with dead grass, weeds, etc.; such is most open ground covered with green grass, especially if the dew is on it; such is ground on which wild cattle range, and where the deer often follow the cattle trails, and make runways of their own from one trail to another. On these and various other kinds of ground it often pays to work up a trail of even a single deer; but just when and where this will be worth while depends so entirely upon the nature of the ground, the size of the deer, the distance it is likely to travel, the age of the track, its direction, the time of day, etc., that it is quite impossible to lay down any useful rule. It is a thing to be decided upon the circumstances of each particular case, and nothing but experience can enable one to decide it.

But though it may not be worth while to track a single deer on bare ground, the case is often quite different when there are several. A band of five or six deer is quite easy to follow, and even a doe and two fawns will keep so close together that where the track of one is extremely faint that of another near by it is very plain. So long as they keep near together, so that one fills up the dim part of the trail of another, a band is quite easy to track; but when they begin to straggle out and wander here and there they get harder to follow, and, as before, in tracking on snow, it is now best to leave the tracks for a while, and look out sharp for the game from behind some ridge. Still it will not always be advisable to follow even a band, for though it is easier for you to see some of them, it is also much easier for them to see, or hear, or smell you. So if the ground is very level or brushy, with no good lookout places, or facilities for circling well, or if the wind be wrong, it is often best not to bother even with tracking several deer if others are plenty enough to give you a fair chance elsewhere.

If you only expect to hunt a little at long intervals it will not be worth while to study tracking on bare ground, for to acquire sufficient skill to do it rapidly enough, and with certainty enough, requires unquestionably a large amount of practice. But, on the other hand, if you intend to do any considerable amount of still hunting you should by all means practice it. And to begin this it is not necessary to wait until the necessity arises. The first steps in the art can be learned by practicing on your own trail.

To do this go first upon the ground that is soft enough to take the impression of your foot. After walking 100 yards or so, circle around backward, and look for your trail. Then follow it, not with your eyes stuck upon any one track, and then shifting to the next one, but with eyes fixed as far away as possible, and with a gaze that takes in at once twenty-five or thirty feet of the trail. After trying this for a few days you will discover a marked difference in the speed with which your eye catches each footprint, in the distance at which it will catch them, and in the number it will take in at once. On each day look also for the tracks of the preceding day, and days before that, until you can no longer find them, and note carefully the difference in the appearance of freshness, a very important point. When you find it getting easy to find and follow your trail on such ground, change to more difficult ground. Unless you live in a large city all this kind of practice may easily be had near home. A cow or horse track, off the road, is also good to practice on. But remember to always try and see as far ahead as possible on the trail. Tracking does not, as some might suppose, consist in picking out each step by a separate search, but in a comprehensive view of the whole ground for several yards ahead. Sometimes it is necessary to grope one's way from step to step like a child in its primer, as where the trail gets very faint, or turns much; but generally the experienced tracker reads several yards of the trail at a glance, just as the fluent reader does words in a book. The gaze is fixed quite as much on the surrounding ground, and the trail appears almost to stand out in relief.

So various are the appearances of tracks that it is almost hopeless to attempt an analysis of them. In a quarter of a mile a trail may run through a dozen variations. Here it will be a distinct impression of the whole hoof, there only a faint gouge of the points; now a slight scrape on the hard ground that merely changes the shade of color of the track a little from the rest; now a slight depression in some moss, dead leaves or grass; here a stick or dead bush cracked in two or bent; there a slight crushing or grinding down of the surface of some friable rock; now a bending or separating of spears of grass or weeds; then only a change in the shade of light caused by brushing the dew from wet grass or weeds, or by slightly changing the slant or position of grass or weeds either wet or dry. It would be impossible to describe all the appearances; they can be learned only in the field.

Where the animal has gone on a run or jump it is of course very easy to follow; but as this generally shows that it is alarmed, it is almost useless to follow such tracks if there is any chance elsewhere.

Sometimes the trail will run over ground where it is almost impossible to follow it, and here the experienced tracker relies very often upon his knowledge of a deer's movements to skip this part of the trail and pick it up again farther on, on better ground. So, too, it is often necessary to leave the trail just as in tracking on snow, and it often becomes difficult to find it again, especially in kinds of ground where deer have no runways, and are unusually erratic in their movements.

The track of a deer is easily distinguished from that of any other animal, though there is occasionally a sheep whose hoof is very much like that of a deer. A hog most always spreads out his toes, and a sheep generally does; while a deer, except when running, or sometimes walking on wet, slippery ground, keeps them tight together. His hoofs are also more pointed at the toes, like a flat-iron, than those of any other animal, except the antelope, which has feet still nearer the shape of a narrow V. The difference in the distance of the tracks from each other, will, however, decide all cases of doubt between sheep or hog tracks, as neither of these animals step nearly so far as a deer. A calf has a much wider and rounder foot than a deer, and most always spreads its toes a little. Beginners will sometimes confound these tracks, but after seeing deer tracks a few days there will be no trouble.

The freshness of a track is not so easily determined on bare ground as on snow, though it can be done with much more certainty than one would suppose. While it is difficult, often impossible except in wet grass or during a rain, etc., to tell a track just made from one two or three hours old, it is no trick at all to tell to-day's track from yesterday's. Where tracks are not made deep, they are generally entirely obliterated in a few days. And this is so even when there is no rain or strong wind. On the dry hills of San Diego, where there is hardly ever anything more than a gentle breeze just strong enough for comfort, and no rain at all in Summer and Fall, I have time and again noticed that tracks that one day I had followed with perfect ease, and where the impression of the hoof was perfect, were entirely gone in four days, probably from ants and other moving things and the effect of the wind, sun, etc.

The same obliteration takes place with the droppings, though more slowly, and without any rain at all they will often become quite undiscernible—not merely bleached out but gone—in a week or two; this is not always the case, for they will sometimes remain for weeks or even months. But then color and gloss will always tell near their age, even after becoming dry and hard.

This obliteration of the track takes place so fast that in five or six hours a track made on perfectly dry ground changes in shade of color and the sharpness of its outlines so much that the experienced eye can generally tell it from one perfectly fresh and never mistakes to-day's track for yesterday's. Here, too, nothing will supply the place of practice.

Though bare tracking is very often useful and indispensable, it is best on the whole not to attempt it where the ground makes it very difficult, as hunting in the ordinary way will be more pleasant as well as more likely to succeed if deer are plenty enough to bother with at all.

Game in California.

To the sportsman, it may truly be said, California presents unequalled attractions. Game of all kinds, from deer and bear, down to the beautiful little "valley quail," so called, is found in abundance from one end of the state to the other. I have never known a hunt for deer in the mountains in Southern California to go unrewarded. It is only necessary to go a few miles from any of the towns or villages. In the Ojai valley it is necessary to fence in the vineyards with high wire fences, to protect the vines from the ravages of the deer that come out of the mountains at night, and eat the tender shoots. One gentleman of my acquaintance there, frequently came upon them while quail shooting in the edges of the chapparal. They are often shot by the ranchmen in the foot hills while feeding in daylight on the little patches of grass that are found in moist places. They are perhaps most abundant in the mountains northeast of San Diego; but no special localities need be named in the southern part of the state. The sportsman can hardly go amiss anywhere in the mountains. In this connection it should be said that the Summer months afford the most delightful weather that could be imagined for camping. There is no rain, and in the mountains little or no fog. Gentlemen of my acquaintance habitually go out without even a tent; they carry simply blankets and cooking utensils, and sleep in the open air.

Bears are not so abundant as deer, but they may be found by those who care for them in the same localities.

The whole state literally teems with quails. Of these there are two principal kinds, the mountain quail (*Oreortyx pictus*), and the valley quail (*Sophortyx californicus*). The first of these species is the larger of the two. It is found only in the mountains, except when unusual storms drive the birds from their haunts. Under such circumstances, they are occasionally found in the valleys. Their ordinary habitat is about four thousand feet above the level of the sea. They are a beautiful bird, "wings and back brown, head and neck grey, throat and breast a lustrous maroon." Both male and female have a crest of jet black feathers, one and one-half inches high. While found in the mountains in all parts of the state, they are most abundant in the South.

The valley quail is a smaller bird of dark grey color, with beautiful markings of rich brown and black on the breast, and the same black crest that belongs to the other species. They may be found in almost countless numbers in the valleys, and for some distance up the mountains. Their favorite haunts are the sage brush in the morning, the vicinity of a stream at mid-day, and the dry bed of a stream in the afternoon. They are also found in and near wheat fields and along the edges of the chapparal. They are gregarious in the fullest sense of the word. As the season advances, numerous coveys join together and unite in one immense flock. I have seen two hundred and fifty in one flock, and, incredible as it may seem, have put up three such flocks within one hundred yards of each other. I once saw in an arroyo (dry bed of a stream) in the San Gabriel valley a flock that contained a thousand birds. No directions need be given as to particular localities; they are found everywhere. Perhaps in the region of San Gabriel, the Ojai, and San Diego the largest flocks are to be found, though they are abundant at no great distance from San Francisco. A setter or pointer is not particularly useful in hunting them, because they run as far after lighting as they fly, and so give much trouble to a dog and spoil him for other work. A retriever is very useful to recover the birds; for if they are not killed outright they will hide themselves so securely as to defy human search. Even a dog must be active to catch them before they get into the squirrel holes with which the whole country is riddled. There is a theory that after firing into a flock they will lie well. I have not found the theory confirmed in practice. Their flight is usually very straight; they are easily marked down, and by walking on beyond the spot where they light, in the same general direction, they will usually be found. Even should a flock be lost, it is easy to find another. Enormous bags can be and are made. In October and November it is too hot to shoot in the middle of the day. My own custom was to go out about 3 p. m.; between that time and half-past five I have bagged over twenty birds. Some gentlemen shooting all day have killed more than sixty. The season extends from August 1 to April 1. In the early part, the valley quail when flushed make a short flight, and light in the trees and bushes, where it is difficult to find them. They possess at all times a marvelous power of secreting themselves. As the season advances they make longer flights, and do not often light on the trees. They run very rapidly, and frequently keep ahead of their pursuer for a long distance before taking wing. In thick undergrowth it is often difficult to put them to flight. They seem to know that so long as they keep on the ground under shelter of the thick weeds or bushes they are safe. Their sense of hearing is very acute, and a flock, after having been shot at several times, is aware of the approach of the hunter, even when he is out of sight and two or three hundred yards distant. Nothing seems to alarm them so much as the human voice; upon hearing it, they at once betake themselves to the chapparal, if any be near, whence it is impossible to dislodge them.

Out of season they become very tame, and will make their nests within a few hundred yards of the ranch houses. I have seen them in the Spring in the gardens of the colony houses.

In the flats and marshes, not only along the coast, but inland as well, great quantities of snipe of two or three varieties are found and heavy bags are made.

The ordinary rabbit (hare) of America is abundant in the sage brush and thick grassy or bushy covert. He is a rapid runner, and makes many crooked turns in the brush, and so affords good sport; for it is not always easy to knock him over. His flesh is white and tender, with a good flavor. The jack rabbit (*Lepus campestris*), is also found, but not in such great numbers; as on the plains of Kansas, Colorado and Nebraska, nor is his flesh so good for food.

Wildfowl, geese and ducks of many varieties, are found all along the coast, and inland twenty-five miles wherever there are lagunas. They are also found between the low ranges of moun-

We have been unable to procure the measurements of the dogs illustrated on the colored plate, but Mr. Theodore Bassett has

kindly forwarded us the following measurements of Brokenhurst Sting: Length from tip of nose to stop, 2½ inches; length from stop to occiput, 4½ inches; length of back, 13 inches; girth of fore-arm, 4½ inches; girth of pastern, 3 1-8 inches; height at shoulders, 15 inches; height at elbows, 7 7-8 inches; height at loins, 15 inches; height at hock, 4½ inches. Weight, 16½ pounds. According to our rule we append scale of points to be used in judging this breed:

SCALE OF POINTS FOR JUDGING FOX-TERRIERS.

	Value.
Head and ears.....	10
Shoulders.....	10
Body.....	10
Legs and feet.....	10
Coat.....	5
Size.....	5
General appearance.....	5
Total.....	50

NOTES ON THE WINNERS AT THE ENGLISH FIELD TRIALS OF 1881.

BY G. THORPE DARTMOUTH.

The Pointers.

La Vole, the puppy belonging to Mr. Lloyd Price, winning the first prize in the Puppy stake at the National Trials, also the prize for the best of either breed, and the second pointer prize in the Derby Stake, claims for herself the first place in my notices of the winning pointers of 1881. She is a small sized liver and white, and her size gives her a rather insignificant appearance; but she is not at all an ugly puppy. She is an airy built bitch, that looks like plenty of speed and endurance. Her qualities were stated by the sporting press generally to be of a high order, and that at the National Trials she really ran an A1 puppy, exhibiting both pace, style and nose, besides being well broken, and taken altogether, she well deserved the honors awarded her. However, as my remarks have been in the past, and I intend they should be in the future, not the reflex of the opinions of others, but my own estimate of the qualities of the various dogs that at the annual trials come under my notice; therefore I must reject hearsay or written evidence in her case, as in all others, and give my own views as to her merits.

In this instance the circumstances, hereafter referred to in connection with the running of this bitch at the K. C. Trials, must be considered as possibly preventing my making a just estimate of her worth. From what I saw her do, she gave no evidence of possessing anything like marked excellence. It was said she was coming in season and otherwise out of health, but all I can say is that she did not give any indications of the high-class qualities that I had, from the press notices of her, been led to expect, and it appeared her owner thought the work done was not up to her usual form, for he consulted her trainer as to the advisability of drawing her. After settling down to work, her quartering was fair, but throughout gave no evidence of the dash that is so much appreciated in a setting dog. On two occasions she proved rather wild, but this may have been more the fault of her worker, as he did not make much of an effort to keep her within bounds. She has a nice, even gallop, but did not carry her head up so well as she might; has a very pretty position on point, but gave no evidence of having either superior nose, pace, or style. It may be, that as she ran at Shrewsbury was her proper form, but from all I saw her do I cannot consider her likely to make the "crack" that she has been described as likely to turn out. In her trial with Moffat, she had time enough allowed her to see what she could do; indeed, it was the length of this trial that gave her a place in the prize list, as after a fairly reasonable trial had been allowed, and this was indorsed by the majority of spectators, she was fairly beaten, but ultimately she was run into the money. Of course at the finish of the trial the judges were right in their estimate of the relative value of the work done that I suppose decided this trial in her favor, but she was, I think, beaten long before her companion committed the last mistake. By having an extra long trial, LaVole got a position in the Derby. I mention this circumstance as in it lies the reason of her being able, by the poor work she did, to get into the money.

Fatima, also belonging to Mr. Lloyd Price, secured the £50 as first pointer prize in the K. C. Derby. Unlike her kennel companion, she did not get a place at the National Trials. This bitch is by Lord Downe's Bang, and is out of Hebe, a Devon-Bang bitch. Fatima was bred by Mr. Elias Bishop, and her winning has increased the reputation of her sire. It will be remembered by my readers that the first prize pointer puppy last year was also one of the same dog's get. Lord Downe is to be complimented on owing a pointer good enough to sire the first prize puppy in an important stake like the Derby two years consecutively. For the few opportunities this dog has had of showing his worth as a stud dog, he cannot be considered other than a marked success. Fatima is a heavily marked, dark liver and white, she is long in her barrels and shallow made throughout; her forelegs and feet are not good. She was in low condition, no doubt from hard work, but it made her defects in appearance the more conspicuous. In her coat, head and stern lies the chief claim to be well bred, indeed her head is the best part about her. It is long and cleanly cut. In style of gallop she favors her sire, and also shows the relationship with the winning puppy of last year; all three running a bit hog-backed. Her head is carried in a stooping position, but turns her nose in, to the wind as if bent on finding game. A long sweeping stride enables her to cover a lot of ground with ease. When first put down she was rather unsteady, but in subsequent heats proved fairly well broken. Her nose seems to be moderately good, and the way she roams out her game exhibits great care. This bitch had to do a lot of work to get through the stake, was staunch, and went well throughout. By far the greater part of the work done by her was creditable alike to her trainer and breeder. When down with Gunner, most certainly the game finding qualities exhibited were quite of average form, and perhaps, under the circumstances, may be considered above par. In this heat she was, for a puppy, worthily proof against bad example. Nothing could be detected in her work to lead me to suppose that mischief was a latent element in her disposition; indeed, she seems to possess a good tempered obedience. The shape of her skull confirms my idea that dogs possessing such are the easiest to train, and most manageable when broken. I had a striking example this Spring of the importance of selecting for quick training, dogs having this shaped head and expression of eye. In her final trial the work done was not very good, but it was, as I have pointed out in the case of Dashing Ditto, done in the midst of a heavy thunder and hail storm, therefore the atmospheric influences at work, which could not be rightly estimated by us, probably account for the indifferent work done. This bitch was thought by many in this trial to get away from her proper beat, but this was not her fault, for her worker directed and urged her to do so. He had his reasons for doing so, and it makes it clear to me that the causes that induced him to do so will necessitate a definition of what is to be considered a false point, and a revision of the estimate of its value and in-

fluence on the score. It will have to be decided now to what extent false pointing is to be allowed before a dog is scored out, as it has a very bad effect in unsteady a puppy at backing. Mr. Mackie, the handler of Fatima, could see plainly that if the dog he was running with kept on drawing and pointing, as she began, and his bitch was to be kept up to her backing, she would, unless these fruitless points and draws were allowed to have full weight, by waiting on the setter, get beaten, from the fact that she would, by continual backing and keeping herself ready to do so, be prevented from ranging for game. This would of itself produce defeat; unless her opponent cut her own throat by flinches or was scored out in negative points by penalties for false pointing. He, therefore, decided to risk being penalized for hunting his dog away from the other, in the hope that she would obtain a balance in her favor by getting a few good points. This accounts for the apparent persistency of this breaker hunting his dog so independently of the other. The causes that produced this line of action will have to be examined into, and provided against. There are several things that allow an old hand an advantage that should be checked and prevented. Upon this occasion the breaker was not rewarded for the appreciation of the position; but still it will be, I think, admitted there was reason in the course he decided on. In running through the stake Fatima gave indications of a love of her work, and of sufficient power to keep on at it without fatigue. When shot over she will be a good sportsman's dog, and will I think develop into one that will, with care, again figure in the prize list. At the Kennel Club trials there is no doubt her winning was the result of exhibiting good all round qualities, combined with careful handling; but she does not possess anything like startling capacities, such as are likely to enable her ever to be placed in the first rank, with such dogs as Drake, Belle, Bang, Rapid, etc.

Quite the winner of second prize at Shrewsbury, did not compete at the K. C. Trials, therefore I did not see her at work, and decline to remark upon her for the reasons before given. I may just state she was purchased to go abroad, and it was said for £45. To her relationship with Faust I should say may be attributed her success.

Laurel, the pointer bitch that won the second prize in the All-Aged Stake, and, belonging as she did to a member of the Kennel Club, also secured for Mr. George Pilkington the club cup, I stated last year in my notices of her, that although she did not win upon the occasion of her first appearance in the Derby Stake, but was put out because she was not properly broken, had, I feared, one natural defect, and if her training did not eliminate it she would never be wholly reliable when forming one of a brace. After she was broken, it will be remembered she won first prize at the Yorkshire trials, and it was said she ran in grand form. However, this year she made it clear to me that the defects of temper that I detected in her as a puppy, viz.: jealousy and excitability, are still in full force. She refused to back upon several occasions, and got away beyond control of whistle whenever she felt so inclined. It may be said in extenuation of her behavior that she had been of late worked with puppies. This may have made her a bit tricky. But I fear she will never be a really reliable animal, although probably when kept at regular work every day she may be perfectly steady. But a long rest will, I believe, again develop her natural bent. She is a beautiful and stylish goer, and her position on point is very pretty; she stands as stiff as a rail. Her head is better than her celebrated sister Lilac's, but she is throaty, and not equal to her in body qualities. She now possesses all the good qualities she did as a puppy, but the faults that were conspicuous then, age and training have not removed.

Priam, winner of equal third, in the All-Aged Stake, belongs to Sir Thomas Lennard. He is a very stylish pointer, goes a rattling pace, and is altogether a very taking dog. At the Kennel Club Trials he seemed rather out of form, being a bit wild. The fields he was called upon to hunt, were far from such as to give any dog the opportunity of showing himself off to the best advantage; they were dry fallows, bare fields, and very little game. When in form, Priam will make a good dog do his best to beat him. He came to these trials with his laurels fresh from Cologne, where he easily disposed of all his rivals. He is a pointer worthy the attention of any sportsman who is on the lookout for a good serviceable dog.

Gunner, also belonging to the same owner, who ran in the Derby, is full brother to Priam. He is also a big, fine grown, good-looking puppy, and has just the same stylish carriage and fine position on point. In his first heat he looked like getting into the money, but later on he got careless and wild, flushed several times, and refused to acknowledge his mistakes. As a puppy he is far more than up to average form in natural qualities, both at work and in looks. With more experience he should prove a first-class dog to shoot over. Considering Priam, Scamp and Gunner are all good dogs, and they all being by Young Bang, out of Teal, proves this cross to be one that can be relied on to produce dogs combining good looks and good working qualities.

Moffat, belonging to Mr. Pilkington, is a puppy that I consider exhibited very good qualities. She has pace and style in ranging superior to the winner. Her natural pace is to go at full stretch. She never flagged in her ranging, and is a lively, busy worker. False pointing many times so staunchly she scored herself out, and much of this fault I attribute to her trainer. It appears to me that whenever she has pointed, she has been made to stick to the point until her breaker walked up to her, so now she dares not move a peg to see whether she is right or wrong. If this bitch is carefully shot over, she will no doubt ultimately reflect credit on the kennels that produced her. The work of the other two entries, from the same kennels, did not come up to the high standard that is usually set to compete for by Mr. Pilkington.

Tick, belonging to Mr. Price, the winner of equal third in Aged Stake, did, in spite of her getting rather low in the list of honors, run a clipping good pointer, and deserved more than she got. In her trial with Bondu her work was good. She has fine pace and style, and shows excellent breaking, and forms one of the strong team that Mr. Lloyd Price now possesses.

To sum up my remarks, I cannot omit to add that the evidence afforded by the work done at the Kennel Club Trials of 1881, appears to demonstrate that the nose of setters has been increased beyond that possessed by the pointers. The defect most noticeable in the setters, was false pointing.

London, Eng.

The Resignation of Mr. Whitman.

NEW YORK.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I am not aware that Mr. Whitman ever was a member of the American Cocker Spaniel Club, and as I happen to be the secretary of the organization committee, and have the list of members in my possession, I am in a position to know who does belong to the club. It is necessary before a person resigns for him to have been a member, and it was necessary for Mr. Whitman if he desired to become a member of the Cocker Club, to have notified me to that effect, and complied with the rules by paying his dues of \$2. Not having done so, Mr. Whitman never was a member; hence, his resignation was a needless advertisement of his existence. He might, with as much reason, have announced his resignation of the presidency of the

United States. True, he was one of the committee invited to draw up a standard for the proposed club, but that did not make him or any other person of the committee a member of the American Cocker Spaniel Club.

His letter implies that he will not join the club, and if every American citizen is to advise the CHICAGO FIELD of his intention not to join us, you will seriously have to entertain the idea of still further enlarging your paper, especially if each one is going to give his reasons therefor. Mr. Whitman gives his, and as many of your readers are likely to be misled by what he and your other correspondent, Senex, has to say about our club, I will, with your permission, state our side of the case: Senex charges some one or other with trickery and dishonesty; these are brave words, Senex, but they require backing to bring conviction to your readers. I deny distinctly, and without the slightest hesitation, that either in its inception or in any other stage of the development of the club has there been the slightest attempt at trickery or dishonesty on the part of any one with whom I have been associated. I can speak as confidently on behalf of Mr. MacDougall, while he acted as secretary of the standard committee, and I know that his sole desire has been throughout the whole piece, to erect a standard which should do lasting good to the breeders of cockers and the cockers themselves. I can further assert of my own personal knowledge—and I make this statement because so many insinuations have been thrown out—that Mr. MacDougall was getting up a standard to suit his dogs—that during the whole time this standard committee was in existence, that gentleman did not own but one spaniel, which he sold two months ago. Several died on his hands and one he lost, but has lately found again. As he has often said, "I'll wait until the standard is fixed, and then try and get something to suit it." I can speak as confidently of Mr. Fellows *bona fide* and am better acquainted with Mr. Kirk than Mr. Whitman is; Mr. Moore is not unknown to me, and the charge of trickery and dishonesty as applied to them or either one of them is a gross libel upon those gentlemen.

With regard to the standard and its adoption, much has been said about its having been tampered with by some one since its adoption. Let me, once and for all, say that I have gone carefully over the whole of the secretary's notes, the slips containing the amendments passed at the meeting, and everything appertaining to the standard, and the total result of this scrutiny is one error in copying too far from one slip and adding to the sentence referring to teeth "and free from canker." This will be eliminated from the standard as published, and it will then stand as adopted at the club meeting. Any person who states that this is not as I say, is doing so from memory alone, and a very defective memory at that.

We must all regret that Mr. Whitman does not like our dictum on eyes; his objection is very silly, at least the elucidation of his objection, when he says a pied dog would require white eyes if the dog had more white than any other color. The clause reads very plainly to those who do not desire to misunderstand it and was adopted to show that there was a necessity for a dark coated dog to have a dark eye; a black—a color which seems to stick in Mr. Whitman's eye—for instance, should not have a yellow eye—a very common fault. As to the ears, Stonehenge, the authority Mr. Whitman has continually quoted from, repeatedly mentions small ears in connection with cockers, while fineness of leather is as every one knows, indicative of good breeding. I believe Mr. Whitman considers his Carlo the beau ideal of what a cocker should be. Will he kindly draw Carlo's ears forward and see how much margin the standard still leaves for an abnormal length of ear. While the discussion on this point was in progress at the meeting at New York, I went out into the show hall and picking out all the long eared spaniels on the benches, tested the point and there was not one the leather of whose ears reached the end of his muzzle or nose. The leather of the best eared specimens reached just about half way between eye and nose. Mr. Whitman surely forgets the statement he signed his name to as representing his and Mr. Kirk's views. I have it in my possession and it reads as follows: "Ears, value 5, should be set on low, narrow at junction with head, gradually broadening and rounding off at end of leather, well covered with feather which must be flat and smooth, not inclined to run into cords or ringlets. Ears should be flat to head, and measure in a dog twenty-five pounds weight, about fourteen inches spread across head, not including feather. A good measurement of a dog weighing twenty-five pounds, from tip to tip of feather would be eighteen inches. The leather should be thin comparatively speaking, certainly not thick or coarse." Mr. Whitman now objects to "leather fine and not extending beyond end of nose," saying further, "I do not believe in curtailing the length of a spaniel's ears, as a long ear is one of the chief attractions of the breed." I do not believe Mr. Whitman knows what he does want when he can put his signature to two such conflicting statements.

Mr. Whitman was not present at the meeting at New York. It may therefore be news to him that his and Mr. Kirk's joint production was not the one "championed" by the holder of his proxy, Mr. McKoon. The section of ears the open meeting was asked to adopt, read as follows: "Ears (10) lobular, set on low, long in leather, and well clothed with long silky hair, which must be wavy or straight, no positive curls or ringlets." This was amended by the club, and instead of "long in leather," it read, "leather fine, and not extending beyond the nose." I offered first of all the amendment, "not reaching to the end of the nose;" this Mr. McKoon fought for half an hour, amidst repeated cries of "question" and calls to order, until at last I accepted the phraseology as adopted. I have since writing the foregoing, measured four spaniels' ears, bitches, running about twenty-four to twenty-seven pounds each, and I find their spread of ears, measured as the ears hung on the head, at from thirteen and a half to fifteen and a half inches, and on the longest eared one, a chunky-headed bitch, the leather did not reach within an inch of the end of nose; the others had fair average length of head, and the leather reached to just about half way from eye to nose. Here then, we find that Mr. Whitman agrees, his signature is proof of that, to Mr. Kirk's fourteen inch measurement, which is equal to saying half way from eye to end of nose, at the very outside. The club allows greater latitude, and says to end of nose, as a reason for not joining the club, claims we made the ear too short in our standard, and cut his and Mr. Kirk's standard, which was, he says, brought before the New York meeting. This brings me to a point I wish to make perfectly plain to Mr. Whitman, and some who have been led astray by the statements of Mr. McKoon. Mr. Whitman doubtless fully believes that "McKoon championed this standard" (the one drawn up by Mr. Kirk and signed by him and Mr. Whitman), but let me tell Mr. Whitman that Mr. McKoon used the proxies of Messrs. Whitman, Kirk and Cummings just as he pleased, and overruled Messrs. MacDougall and Fellows whenever any difference existed. I have shown what he did in the matter of ears. Whitman and Kirk wanted them full short (fourteen inches is a small spread of ears), MacDougall and Fellows voted for "moderately long," and McKoon used his votes and carried the day for ears "long in leather," contrary to his instructions, and in opposition to his fellow members. Take the head and see what was done with that. Mr. Whitman and Mr. Kirk proposed as follows: "Head (value fifteen) should be of medium size in proportion to body, skull of good length, and

broad, with well defined brow, showing good brain capacity, stop fairly marked. Muzzle from two to three inches long, according to size of dog, cut square off, not snipy. Jaws level, teeth large, sound and white. Lips rather inclined to be loose than tight. Nose should be black in black and white coated spaniels, and liver in liver or, liver and white coated ones. It should be as large and spreading as possible, moist, and with wide opened nostrils. Now listen, Mr. Whitman, to what your champion used your proxies to carry in committee: "Head (15) should be of medium length, with prominent brow rising from nose, nose loose and open, muzzle of medium length and breadth." This should satisfy you, Mr. Whitman, that your proxy was abused. [No one at the meeting except Messrs. McKoon, MacDougall and Fellows, had any knowledge of the Whitman-Kirk standard, all we had presented to us being the emasculated proxy edition, and as it did not satisfy us we amended it, as we had a right to do, and not by a few votes, but in every case by a unanimous vote, barring Mr. McKoon. The gentlemen present numbered a full score, and Dr. Niven had five proxies which were never used, though presented and passed.

A word to Senex now, and I am done. He says "The standard committee attended the meeting of the Cocker Club in New York, advocated after much contention and finally adopted a standard for the cocker with a constitution, rules and regulations for the government of the Cocker Club." This correspondence is quite at fault when he says the standard committee prepared the constitution, etc. They neglected that work altogether, and the club appointed Messrs. Morrill, McCollum and myself a committee to go on and perform the work the standard committee could not do in a couple of months, and which we found no difficulty in settling in a two hours session. Senex has all along been the tool of the Eastern obstructionist, and I regret it because he is a gentleman I should like to see set straight instead of being so grossly misled with regard to the whole management of this club business.

JAS. WATSON,
Secretary Organization Committee, A. C. S. C.

Fast Dogs for Eastern Hunting.

BY ARNOLD BURGER.

The letter of Quack in your issue of May 21 shows me that by some at least, my views in the article to which he refers have been misapprehended, and as this places one in a wrong light, I will ask your readers' indulgence while I strive to make my real meaning more clear, even though in so doing I may be forced to repeat some part of my former statements.

To Quack, personally, I would say I concede always the right of any man to form his own opinions, and if I differ from him now, and question the tenability of some of his positions, I do it with all courtesy of intent; and an utter absence of that rancorous spirit which degenerates argument into petty bickering, unworthy of gentlemen and sportsmen.

Like Quack, I too, hail from the Bay State. It was the home of my family for generations, and there and in the adjacent states I shot for nearly twenty years. My views then have not been formed in ignorance of the style of New England shooting, nor by a limited experience of it. And more than this, the tastes acquired in those olden days have clung to me ever since, and though I have spent many pleasant hours on the prairies, where game has been more abundant than I have found it elsewhere, I still love best of all the thick woodland and tangled brakes, the woodcock and the ruffed grouse. My present shooting is almost exclusively confined to these birds, with just enough of quail and snipe thrown in to make variety. In fact, I may truly say that for thirty years, no year has passed without my giving more time to the pursuit of what I may call New England birds than to all others combined.

I have shot over many dogs in my time, fast ones and slow ones, as well as those of moderate speed. The first and last I have now in my kennel, and have compared them carefully for years. In Druid and Nilsson I have flyers with grand noses and under good control. In Queen Mab I had, and in Queen Dido I still have, moderately speedy goers, with other qualities and breaking equal to the faster ones. I have had others too of well known quality, but some are dead and others have passed out of my possession, so it isn't necessary to mention them by name. I would never ask a better nosed dog or a harder worker than Druid. He made his reputation in English field trials, and from his performance here I know he well deserved his rank. He gives his qualities to his get too, so that when I take him into the field with his daughter, Queen Dido, I feel that I am comparing dogs as nearly as possible equal in every respect save speed. On ruffed grouse, which I deem the hardest bird for a dog to point, Druid from his greater speed, will, it is true, get far more points than Dido, when worked together. He is constantly in the advance, and so must get the birds first; and here is just where the speed question comes in. He will for all his nose flush far more birds than Dido. The true way to test fast and slow dogs is not brace work, but by working them singly and taking the percentage of flushes and points; submitted to such trial Dido will beat Druid hollow. On prairie chickens and on quails, where open country permits of high range, Druid is a dog very hard to equal by any, and certainly superior to a slower dog in finding packs or bevs. One is a dog suited to the West, the other my ideal of what a New England sportsman wants. It must not be supposed I favor slow dogs; those that creep and crawl I detest as heartily as Quack does. I have no fancy for working all the ground myself, and enjoy as much as any one, resting my weary muscles upon a wall while my dog beats the field before me. If it was all work of this kind, or if one hunted for a wagon on the prairies, a dog could not go too fast if he had nose enough to stop him. But open field work is only a part, and a small part of the dog's work in New England or here, so that the dog we want is one adapted in style to a varied country and its requirements; and such I think must be but moderately fast.

Quack says that New Englanders need faster dogs than Western sportsmen, because "game being scarcer, we have to cover a larger extent of country." This is a very strange idea to me. I admit game is more scarce in New England than in a similar acreage in the West, but in the former section the haunts of the birds are far more limited. The entire country is not woodland or stubble, the inclosures are smaller, and I cannot recall any part of the East where a dog can range at any time without breaking fence, as widely as he habitually ranges on the prairies. I used to be a Lord Walker when I shot in New England, and my companion was one of the best I ever saw. Yet very exceptional were the days when we tramped one-half the distance I have commonly covered in the same time on the prairies. When men depend upon their legs a mile seems longer than two passed over in a wagon, and here is just where I think Quack is deceived. If he will sit down and figure up the actual distance in miles he tramps in a day, I think he will find the total much smaller than it appears to him now.

Quack makes another assertion which I cannot understand, viz.: "Then we can go into the field with your slashing ranging dogs, and can cover as much ground in a day, but will not cover it so wide, as it is almost impossible for us to let our dogs range so wide." If we suppose two dogs have equal speed it follows

that both will get over the same distance in the same time, but this cannot be Quack's idea, as he says Eastern fast dogs will not range as wide as others he mentions. Now, how can a dog whose range is not as wide as another's, cover as much ground? If it is meant that the range is narrower from side to side, then what is lost here must be made up by proportionally longer range ahead. Yet Quack's greatest distance for the entire width and length of range is "from 800 to 700 yards, not taking into consideration the nooks and corners," and any one who has followed fast dogs on the prairies knows that good ones will keep from 500 to 1,000 yards in advance of the team, besides covering a good width in their beat. Taken in connection with the former statement that of the two sections the East needs the faster dogs, we are now met by this showing, that the more speedy goers cannot cover as much width and length in range, and hence the claim that they "cover as much ground in a day" becomes a *reductio ad absurdum*. I fully agree with Quack, it is almost impossible for dogs in the East to range as wide as those in the West, and I will go even further and strike out the word almost, provided it is understood that we are speaking of dogs broken to a proper regard for fences. In the East, as I said in my former article, the fields or woodlands are small, and no dog can range as widely there as he can where these barriers are wanting. If we turn a dog of speed suited to the West into an Eastern field or cover, he will range so fast that he will beat the entire ground before the sportsman walks half across it. Then what is the dog to do while his master walks the other half? He can only do one of three things, viz.: Work the ground over a second time; come to heel, or sit by the further fence and wait for the gun, and neither of these three will aid in filling the bag. A dog should have speed suitable for the ground he is worked on, and in the end all speed over and above that needed to cover the ground fairly while the sportsman walks a legitimate distance, is superfluous and useless.

Quack says: "When it comes afternoon the slow dog has got to almost a walk; the fast dog is covering more ground than he was in the morning, doing it smoother, cleaner and nicer." I do not know what kind of slow dogs Quack has seen, but upon general principles it is very strange if one dog can sustain the strain of the most severe exertion longer than another equally good can bear that of loss. It is a well known fact that sportsmen upon the moors, where speed and high range are absolutely essential, need fresh dogs in the afternoon, and this does not support the claim above. I know, too, that I worked Queen Mab, moderately speedy as she was, from the sixth of July to the last of November, and averaging five days in the week, with a let up of two weeks the first of September, when I took her to the St. Louis show, and in all that time never saw her walk a yard in the field unless drawing on birds. I do not believe the man lives who, on any ground, can in six weeks' consecutive hunting tire her to a walk, he to follow her on foot. If any one thinks I am claiming too much for the old lady he will do well to write to the present owner for his experience with her; or if such doubter will call on me next Fall I will give him a chance to match his muscles against a bitch in her second season that I think can equal Mab. I do not pretend to hunt at a prairie gait, neither do my dogs creep or walk, or compel me to follow them over any more ground than the style of shooting requires. Those who have shot with me have not complained of my dogs as too slow, yet I have broken them in to break mine in the East, and work these on the same varieties of game birds.

Quack says: "A dog can go at great speed, even in the cover or heavy woods if they will only quarter properly, and hardly ever be out of sight." I am free to confess New England cover must have changed since I was there; if a dog can go at great speed without getting out of sight and working at short range the same ground over and over again. In my time, woodcock lay in thick alder or willow swamps in the Summer, when it was difficult for the sportsman to advance at all, and where twenty yards before him was a long view. In the Fall they lay in the small clumps of brush or along the edges of the woodlands, close to the outer fringe of light growth. Ruffed grouse, too, were found in the thickest cover, or along old woodland fences, in corners of woodland lots, or crunched beneath the branches of fallen trees, and all in places where a dog of high range would be lost to sight within one hundred yards. But Quack limits his assertion by, "If they will only quarter properly." How is a dog to quarter in a strip of cover ten yards wide, and yet I have killed many hundreds of birds in such places in the East, and have done a large portion of shooting in just such cover. Here we have numerous small copses, the edges fringed with alders, back of which are heavy timbers. All the birds lie in the alders, both grouse and cock, and then the dog passing through the middle easily covers the entire width with his nose, so that to quarter would only be to do useless work. I break my dogs to work such places without coming out to quarter the ground where no birds lie; and I can walk along these strips as fast as the ground will allow me, and with my dog ranging slowly on one hand, get all the points the birds will give. I have seen fast dogs in these places, dogs with good noses, too, flush four grouse for every one they would point. In the open, or in wide cover my dogs quarter well.

Finally, I repeat, I did not mean the East needs slow dogs, those a sportsman has to wait for, but rather dogs of fair, moderate speed. I cannot agree with Quack any more than he does with me, but I am glad to know by the public indorsements of my article, and many private letters, that my views were approved by many sportsmen in Quack's own section, so can only hope he and I may meet some day and test each other's dogs in a friendly spirit.

Hillsdale, Mich.

The Production of Sex at Will.

MEMONONZE, WIS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I firmly believe that the production of sex at will can be accomplished, and will, if you please, lay before the many readers of your valuable paper some of my reasons for so holding, hoping that any inaccuracy of thought will be speedily criticised by some of your many competent correspondents.

Both sexes are born into the world, sometime one, sometimes the other; and this production of sexes is not the result of chance. The whole economy of nature is governed by inflexible laws, and it requires no great presumption to hold that the male or the female sex is produced as the result of one of nature's unchangeable laws. Some of nature's laws are far removed from human ken, but some she has kindly revealed to persistent lovers, as appears to be the case with this.

In order not to unduly lengthen this article I will quote but one author, Geo. H. Naphews, A. M., M. D., who, as a writer on the subject of reproduction, stands, I think, with the highest authorities. This author says:

"Now, we believe we are not asserting prematurely a scientific discovery, when we confidently say that the law which governs the production of sexes has been ascertained; and that with a due allowance for certain elements of uncertainty, and they few in number, persons can have either a daughter or a son as they prefer. What is more, this law is not confined to the human race, but extends throughout all those species of animals techni-

cally known as oviparous, or which reproduce by means of an egg, whether this egg is deposited without the body or matured within it. * * *

"The discoverer of this law was a French veterinary surgeon, Professor Thury, of the Academy of Geneva. He studied, with particular care, the sex of the offspring with reference to the date of conception. Of course with mares, bitches, cows and the other domesticated animals this could be ascertained without any doubt. He found that when the male was given at the first sign of heat in the female, the result was a female; but when the male was given at the end of the heat the result was male offspring. With hens, the eggs first laid after the tread gave females, those laid subsequently, males. The eggs first laid by the queen bee yielded females, those later, males. Mares shown the stallion late in their periods drop horse colts rather than fillies.

"Professor Thury, from the consideration of these and other like facts, formed this law for stock-raising: 'If you wish to produce females, give the male at the first signs of heat; if you wish males give him at the end of the heat.'

"We have now in our possession the certificate of a Swiss stock-grower, son of the president of the Swiss Agricultural Society, Canton de Vaud, under date of February, 1867, which says: 'In the first place, on twenty-two consecutive occasions I desired to have heifers; my cows were the Schultz breed and my bull was pure Durham. I succeeded in these cases. * * * * * In short, I have made in all, twenty-nine experiments after the new method, and in every one I succeeded in the production of what I was looking for—male and female—I have not one single failure.'

"The plan of M. Thury was also tried on the farm of the late Emperor of France, with, it is asserted, the most unvarying success."

Much more might be quoted from this interesting author, but I desist. My observation has been that among wild animals there is a preponderance of females, which state arises, probably, from the fact that during the first stages of the season in the female, a male is found who naturally takes the earliest advantage of the situation.

Two more quotations in proof of my position, and I am done. Demo, writing to the CHICAGO FIELD under date May 14, '81, says: "I must premise by saying I am not a firm believer in this theory, and will simply state what has recently occurred here. Late in February I bred my dog, Gladstone, Jr., to Princess Rose. The dog had never served a bitch before, was shy, and had several interviews with her ladyship before the act was accomplished, and then at her most earnest solicitation. On Sunday last, May 1, Princess Rose whelped eight puppies, seven of which are dogs."

Skeptical, under date of May 28, writes the CHICAGO FIELD: "Having seen the theory recently advanced in regard to the above subject, and being somewhat skeptical in regard to it, I permitted a favorite bitch to be served at the commencement of her season. Product, one dog and six bitches." MC.

DETROIT, MICH.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—My attention has been called to the above subject by seeing a number of articles in the CHICAGO FIELD, expressing skepticism in regard to the theory. In two of the articles the parties have reversed the theory, and in both instances the facts bear out the theory.

If I understand the subject correctly, it is simply this: By having the female served in the earlier part of the season, the product will be an excess of females, while a visit near the close of menstruating would give the greater proportion of males. The reason of this, as advanced by some physiologists, is that the ovum has a larger number of spermatazoa united with it in the case of males, because in its outward passage it is farther advanced into the uterus, allowing a freer contact of the male seed; but in the case of an excess of females, the ovum has scarcely started in its passage from the ovary, and that there is not more than one spermatozoon to each ovum. Carrying the matter still further, I find the theory is advanced, that the ovum contributes largely to the formation of the vital organs, as the heart, lungs, liver, stomach, etc.; while the spermatozoon goes to make the bony structure and nervous system, and generally a preponderance of these would naturally influence the formation of males.

As to the practical application of the theory, I will give the results of my observation and experimenting which have been quite general so far as variety and species are concerned, having tested it on rabbits, pigs, cows, and lastly on dogs. When my greyhound Lady Rose, came in season, I very carefully kept her from the dog until the ninth day; this was a little risky as some bitches will not receive the dog as late as this. However, I was testing theory, and of course watched very carefully. I carried it so far that we were obliged to hold her. The result was a litter of eight pups, seven of which were dogs. At the time of copulation both dog and bitch were in the best possible condition, and both being equally anxious.

Dr. Saunders, of this city, bred three pointer bitches to his King Bow, and not wishing to take the trouble to separate them, they naturally received the dog in the earlier part of their seasons. The result in this instance was twenty puppies, seventeen of which were females; one of them having one dog, and the others having two each. These four cases worked admirably, and in fact, every case has justified my belief in the practical working of the theory in the great majority of the cases, although it is not infallible. However, in no instance have I seen the order reversed; that is, a preponderance of females when the female was served in the closing days of her season.

So far as the theories thus far advanced are concerned, the why of it cannot be vouched for at present, and I think that it yet remains for some able physiologist to demonstrate it to a certainty. ROY.

The American Cocker Club.

NEW YORK.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I am sure we ought to be much obliged to Senex, if by his allusions to "the smoke of battle," "asperities of conflict," "the late cocker contest," we are to understand that he intends relinquishing the almost single-handed opposition he has hitherto made through your columns to the establishment of the Cocker Spaniel Club. I trust he will allow us to have some peace in the family, but if he wants to raise further objections, let him do so upon a more secure foundation than he has hitherto. Now, as to his last effusion, I will as concisely as possible answer it, though he wanders about in such a hopeless manner from one subject to another, that I must crave your indulgence on the score of space in order to reply a *seriatim*.

"If Stonehenge has decided the cocker question so clearly that he who runs may read," says Senex. Now Stonehenge has not decided any such thing. I really wish, Mr. Editor, you could spare space for the publication in full of what that authority does say, for we have had "Stonehenge on the cocker" rammed down our throats till all who know really what he does say, are disgusted. Failing your granting my request I will tell Senex, Shamrock & Co., as briefly as possible, what Stonehenge does say. On page ninety-two of "The Dogs of the British Islands"

MAXIM, METEOR AND MITA.—The trio of finely bred pointer puppies, Maxim, Meteor and Mita, recent importations of the St. Louis Kennel Club, have reached St. Louis, and have taken up their quarters at the comfortable kennels of the club. Maxim and Meteor are by Garnet, out of Jilt, litter sister to the St. Louis Kennel Club's Jessamine, and Mita is by Garnet, out of Dot. These puppies are reported to be very handsome, and under the careful supervision of Mr. B. Waters, the superintendent of the kennel, will no doubt expand rapidly in physique and education. They are all three entered in the National American Kennel Club Derby, for which stake Mr. Waters will soon begin preparing them.

EMPEROR FRED'S GET.—Since Mr. Robinson's Laverack setter Emperor Fred has been placed in the American stud, and has been visited by a number of very finely bred bitches, it may interest those who have already bred to him, and others who contemplate availing themselves of his services, to note the fact that one of his puppies, Lord Downe's Fred (Emperor Fred—Silk) was placed third in the English Kennel Club's Derby this year. As the entries to the Derby numbered 152, comprising the pick of the English kennels, the contest must have been a hot one, and none but a thoroughly good puppy could have obtained even third place.

HIS OWN PRICE.—Mr. James H. Goodsell, of the New York Graphic, had instructed his English agent to purchase the winner of the English Kennel Club Derby, at any price. When Dashing Ditto was declared the winner, Mr. Goodsell's agent, in pursuance of these instructions, informed Mr. Llewellyn that he wished to purchase the winning puppy, and to name his own price for her, which Mr. Llewellyn declined doing.

IN THE STUD.—Mr. W. N. Callender, Albany, N. Y., offers the services in the stud of the Irish red setter champion Rory O'More. Messrs. Hennessey & Seebach, Peru, Ill., offer the services in the stud of Vandal (pointer), Daniel the Prophet (setter), Sport (imported Yorkshire terrier), Pete (blue and tan terrier), Spring and Baron Walkden (imported Greyhounds), and Count Bendigo (Irish water spaniel).

A HANDSOME DONATION.—When Mr. J. Palmer O'Neill, the president of the Pennsylvania Field Trials Association, was in Europe, Messrs. Westley Richards donated to him one of their highest grade hammerless guns, the value of which is \$415, to be made to order, which is to be awarded to the winner of the first prize in the Free-For-All Stake in the Association's trials, to be run this Fall.

MANCHESTER TERRIERS IMPORTATION.—Mr. John F. Scholes, the well-known Toronto athlete, has imported, from the kennels of Mr. Christopher Whitehouse, Birmingham, a very handsome pair of Manchester terriers; Saff, winner of many prizes in England, by Champion Dazzler, out of Stella, and Nep, by Orkin's Kelly, out of Champion Cupid.

EMPEROR FRED.—Mr. John R. Robinson, of Sunderland, England, the owner of Emperor Fred, informs us under date of May 27, that he has ordered Emperor Fred returned to England, if not already sold.

RESIGNED.—So. Acworth, N. H.—We have requested the secretary of the American Cocker Club to erase our names from the list of members of the club.

C. B. CUMMINGS,
GEO. R. CUMMINGS.

Sales.

SALES, NAMES CLAIMED, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting sales, names claimed, visits, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

RACKET—KELP WHELP.—The Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., have sold to Dr. George Stewart, same city, a black, white and tan setter dog puppy, whelped April 27, 1881, by Racket (Rattler—Leda), out of Kelp (Prince Rob—Kate Jewell).

PRESENTED.—Mr. T. Warwood, Newport, Ky., has presented to Mr. John Chamberlin, Cincinnati, O., a black and white setter bitch puppy whelped March 17, 1881, out of his Pert (Rube—Vic) by his Dick (imported Dane—Topsy).

FRANCE.—Mr. William Vie, St. Louis, Mo., has sold to Mr. E. M. Condon, Houma, La., the champion setter dog France, at a long price. France is a well broken field dog and will be entered in the Louisiana State field trials.

SAM—COUNTRESS NELLIE WHELP.—Mr. John L. Martin, Milford, Mass., has sold to Mr. Calvin C. Reiff, Souderton, Pa., a lemon colored, with white points, pointer bitch, whelped December 30, 1880, by Sam, out of Countess Nellie.

PRESENTED.—Mr. T. Warwood, Newport, Ky., has presented to Mr. W. E. Limberg, Cincinnati, O., a black setter bitch puppy, whelped March 17, 1881, out of his Pert (Rube—Vic), by his Dick (imported Dane—Topsy).

BURDELL.—Mr. John Bolus, Killbuck Kennels, Wooster, O., has sold to Mr. L. W. James, Pike Station, O., the black, white and tan setter bitch puppy Burdell, by Blue Dick, out of Buckeye Belle, whelped March 9, 1881.

SEX CORRECTED.—In the announcement in our issue of May 28 of sales, the sex of the puppy by Druid out of Princess Draco, purchased by Mr. Geo. C. Sterling, was given a dog; it should have read a bitch.

SAM JR.—Mr. John L. Martin, Milford, Mass., has sold to Mr. William H. Bennett, same place, the lemon and white pointer dog Sam Jr., one year old, by Sam, out of Countess Nellie, weight, 65 pounds.

BELTON—BELMORE WHELP.—Mr. John Bolus, Killbuck Kennels, Wooster, O., has sold to Mr. M. B. Conlin, Pike Station, O., a black and white setter dog puppy by Belton, out of Belmore, whelped 1880.

DORA II.—Mr. George H. Bigelow, Natick, Mass., has sold to Mr. E. B. Bigelow, Dover, Mass., the white, black and tan foxhound bitch puppy, Dora II, by Tige, out of Fannie, whelped April 8, 1881.

SAPPHO.—Mr. William Probert, Almont Station, Ia., has sold to Mr. R. W. Probert, Forestburg, Dakota, the Irish red setter bitch Sappho, whelped March 23, 1880, by Waller's Race, out of Red Kit.

GRIP—NETTLE WHELP.—Mr. John Hickey, Chicago, Ill., has bought of Mr. R. C. Wheeler, London, Ont., a white, black and tan fox-terrier bitch puppy whelped April 5, 1881, by Grip, out of Nettle.

PRESENTED.—Dr. H. F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y., has presented to Mr. A. M. Kalbfleisch, same city, a black and tan setter bitch, whelped March, 1880, by Glen, out of Mr. C. H. Raymond's Juno.

BOB—TIP WHELP.—Mr. John Hickey, Chicago, Ill., has bought of Mr. William Dodson, London, Ont., a white, black and tan fox-terrier dog puppy whelped April 13, 1881, by Bob, out of Tip.

LOCK—KENOZA KI WHELP.—Mr. J. Frank Johns, Haverhill, Mass., has sold to Mr. Thomas Campbell, same city, a Gordon setter dog puppy by Lock, out of Kenoza Ki.

PRESENTED.—Dr. H. F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y., has presented to Dr. William A. Miles, Smithtown, L. I., a black and tan setter puppy, by Bailey's Tom, out of Nellie Horton.

BLOSSOM.—Mr. Eugene Powers, Cortland, N. Y., has sold to Mr. G. E. Perlee, New York city, the liver and white cocker spaniel bitch Blossom, by Wildair, out of Mignon.

MEDORA BOY.—Mr. Leonard Ryan, Medora, Ill., has sold to Mr. A. V. Post, Topeka, the Irish red setter dog puppy Medora Boy, by Don Zooler, out of Mollie Plunket.

DIANA.—Mr. Eugene Powers, Cortland, N. Y., has sold to Mr. J. T. Blandford, Sing Sing, N. Y., the black and white cocker spaniel bitch Diana, by Wildair, out of Mignon.

PRESENTED.—Dr. H. F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y., has presented to Mr. George Fahys a black and tan setter puppy, by Glen, out of Dr. W. H. Holmes' black and tan bitch.

REX—FAIRY WHELP.—Mr. J. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., has sold to Mr. George H. Webb, Alba, Pa., a colley dog puppy by Rex (first New York, 1880), out of Fairy.

TEOC.—Mr. T. L. Dickinson, Somerville, Tenn., has sold to Mr. B. M. Stephenson, same place, the lemon and white setter dog Teco, by Scout, out of Lady S.

REX—FAIRY WHELP.—Mr. J. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., has sold to Mr. John L. Draper, Providence, R. I., a brace of colley dog puppies, by Rex, out of Fairy.

BEAGLE WHELP.—Mr. Orrin Gilbert, Milford, Mass., has bought of Mr. I. N. Dodge, Detroit, Mich., a black, white and tan beagle dog puppy, by Rattler.

COCKER SPANIEL WHELP.—The Cummings' Cocker Spaniel Kennel, South Acworth, N. H., have sold to Dr. N. E. James a cocker spaniel dog puppy.

COCKER SPANIEL WHELP.—The Cummings' Cocker Spaniel Kennel, South Acworth, N. H., have sold to Mr. J. F. Kirk, a cocker spaniel bitch puppy.

COCKER SPANIEL WHELP.—The Cummings' Cocker Spaniel Kennel, South Acworth, N. H., have sold to Mr. W. Johnson, a cocker spaniel bitch puppy.

REX—FAIRY WHELP.—Mr. J. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., has sold to Mr. R. H. Hodgson, New London, Pa., a colley bitch puppy, by Rex, out of Fairy.

REX—FAIRY WHELP.—Mr. J. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., has sold to Mr. Samuel B. Rice, Colliers, N. Y., a colley dog puppy, by Rex, out of Fanny.

TOPEY C.—The Cummings' Cocker Spaniel Kennel, South Acworth, N. H., have sold to Mr. C. Harwood the cocker spaniel bitch puppy Topey C.

SHEPHERDESS.—Mr. J. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., has sold to Mr. C. Adams, Burlington, Ia., the imported Scotch colley bitch Shepherdess.

PRESENTED.—Mr. Edmund Orgill, Brooklyn, N. Y., has presented to Dr. H. F. Aten, a fox-terrier dog puppy, by Nip, out of Reddon's Grip.

FOX-TERRIER BITCH.—The Cummings' Cocker Spaniel Kennel, South Acworth, N. H., have sold to Mr. W. E. Sessions a fox-terrier bitch.

SMUGGLER II.—Mr. J. F. Harrison, Chicopee, Mass., has sold the pointer dog, Smuggler II to Mr. F. P. Magoun, New York.

Whelps.

WHELPS, SALES, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting whelps, sales, names claimed, visits, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

NELL.—Mr. D. C. Plumb's dark liver and white Cumberland setter bitch Nell (imported September, 1880), whelped on May 24, seven—four dogs and three bitches, all liver and white, by Mr. S. O. Cundy's liver and white Cumberland setter Bill, imported by Mr. Plumb with the bitch.

A CORRECTION.—Ingersoll, Ont.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—In noting the whelping of my setter bitch Twilight, I should have said seven dogs and four bitches, as the single lemon and white puppy was a bitch. I stated a dog. Please correct.

F. G. SIMPSON.

LUCID.—Mr. John R. Robinson's setter bitch Lucid (champion Dash—champion Maid of Honor) whelped on May 26, six—three dogs and three bitches, by Emperor Fred; color, two blue and one lemon dog, and one blue and two lemon bitches.

CHESS.—The Detroit Kennel Club's liver, white and ticked pointer bitch Chess (Golden's Dash—Saunders' Dog) whelped on June 4, eight—four dogs and four bitches, by Ranger (imported Ponto—imported Nell); color, liver, white and ticked.

ERINELL.—The Evanston Kennel's Irish red setter bitch Erinell, whelped on June 1, six—three dogs and three bitches, by Waller's Race; color, all dark red. One bitch has since died.

GRACE OF CAROLINA.—Capt. Harrison Watts' blue belton Llewellyn setter bitch Grace of Carolina (Scout—Vashti) whelped nine by Dick Watts (Scout—Anne Boleyn). Five have since died.

NELL.—Mr. Duncan C. Plumb's English setter bitch Nell, has whelped seven—four dogs and three bitches, by his Bill. Color, all dark liver and white, and evenly marked.

WHIRLWIND.—Mr. A. A. Francis' setter bitch Whirlwind whelped on May 19, six—all bitches, by Guy Mannerling; color, four black and white, and two are black, white and tan.

ROSE.—Mr. Henry Chamberlin's fox-hound bitch Rose whelped on May 19, six—three dogs and three bitches, by Mr. Henry Ramsdell's Fuller; color, all white, black and tan.

RHONA.—Mr. Edmund Orgill's pointer bitch Rhona (Snapshot—Rose) whelped on June 2, nine—four dogs and five bitches, by his Racket; color, lemon and white.

DAISY.—Mr. John R. Robinson's setter bitch Daisy, dam of Emperor Fred (Magnet—Fairy II) whelped on May 27, one blue colored dog, by Mr. G. Lowe's Tam O'Shanter.

QUAIL.—Mr. Aeneas Faulkner Nuttall's Quail (champion Count—champion Mayhe), whelped on May 2, three—one dog and two bitches, by Grouse II (Raleigh—Lassie).

BRUNETTE.—Mr. W. C. Percy's pointer bitch Brunette whelped on May 28, ten—four dogs and six bitches, by his Signal, color, liver and white and lemon and white.

JENNY LIND.—The United States Kennel's setter bitch Jenny Lind (Rake—Fanny) whelped nine—three dogs and six bitches, by their Brussels (Leicester—Dart).

VINNIE.—Mr. S. T. Hammond's pointer bitch Vinnie (Ranger—Bess), whelped on May 10, eight—five dogs and three bitches, by Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth.

BRISTOL.—Mr. James Conliet's imported harrier hound bitch Bristol, whelped on June 1, six—five dogs and one bitch, by his imported Jolly.

VESPER.—Mr. H. J. Ferry's setter bitch Vesper (Drake—Diana), whelped on May 3, six—two dogs and four bitches, by Lathrop's Dick.

LOFTY.—The Cummings Cocker Spaniel Kennel Club's Lofty whelped on June 11, four—three dogs and one bitch, by their imported Brush II.

MIGNON.—Mr. Eugene Powers' cocker spaniel bitch Mignon, whelped on June 3, nine—four dogs and five bitches, by Wildair.

MINNIE.—Mr. E. S. Barbour's setter bitch Minnie, of the old Webster strain, whelped seven puppies, by Racket.

Names Claimed.

NAMES CLAIMED, SALES, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting names claimed, sales, visits, whelps, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

BRUSH II.—The Cummings Cocker Spaniel Kennel, South Acworth, N. H., claims the name of Brush II for their imported black cocker spaniel stud dog, by champion Brush, out of champion Rhea. Brush II was bred by Mr. Easton, Hull, England.

PRIORITY OF NAME.—St. Louis, Mo.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I desire to inform Mr. J. N. Brunson, that the name of Blue Rock was claimed by me several months ago, and application has been made for his registry in Vol. II of the N. A. K. C. S. book. I would therefore request Mr. Brunson to select some other name for his dog.

WILLIAM VIE.

NAME CHANGED.—Mr. A. V. Post, Topeka, Kansas, has changed the name of the Irish red setter dog puppy Medora Boy, to Shockoe, after an old Piute Indian chief. It is Mr. Post's intention to present him to his son, Mr. Charles N. Post, Sacramento, California.

YAM.—The Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., claims the name of Yam for a white and liver ticked pointer bitch puppy, whelped March 17, 1881, by King Bow (champion Bow—Taffee), out of their Dot (imported Ponto—imported Nell).

SWARM.—The Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., claims the name of Swarm for a liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped March 17, 1881, by King Bow (champion Bow—Taffee) out of Dot (imported Ponto—imported Nell).

BLACKIE II.—The Cummings Cocker Spaniel Kennel, South Acworth, N. H., claims the name of Blackie II for imported black cocker spaniel bitch, by champion Bean, out of champion Blackie, bred by Mr. Easton, Hull, England.

ELEGANT.—The Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., claims the name of Elegant for liver, white and ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped on March 7, 1881, by King Bow (champion Bow—Taffee) out of Grace (Don—Dot).

MARINE.—The Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., claims the name of Marine for liver and white pointer bitch puppy, whelped March 11, 1881, by King Bow (champion Bow—Taffee), out of Lurette (Don—imported Nell).

LLEWELLYN.—Mr. T. H. Gibbs, Columbia, S. C., claims the name of Llewellyn for a black, ticked and white setter bitch puppy, by Count Royal, out of his Llewellyn setter bitch Lady Beaconsfield.

PRINCESS BOW BELLS.—Mr. W. D. Tristram, Chatbam, Ont., claims the name of Princess Bow Bells for lemon and white setter bitch puppy, whelped May 19, 1880, by Ranger II out of Princess Bell.

CLICK.—Mr. W. E. Limberg, Cincinnati, O., claims the name of Click for his black setter bitch puppy, by Warwood's Dick (imported Dane—Topsy), out of his Pert (Rube—Vic).

DORA II.—Mr. George H. Bigelow, Natick, Mass., claims the name of Dora II for black, white and tan foxhound bitch puppy, whelped April 8, by Tige, out of Fanny.

D'ISRAELI.—Mr. J. Palmer O'Neill, Pittsburgh, Pa., claims the name of D'Israeli for white and black setter puppy, whelped April 27, 1881, by Thunder, out of Beel.

RANGER.—Mr. George H. Bigelow, Natick, Mass., claims the name of Ranger for black and tan foxhound dog puppy, whelped April 8, by Tige, out of Fanny.

COUNT NED.—Mr. E. H. Gillman, Detroit, Mich., claims the name of Count Ned for pointer dog puppy, presented to him by Mr. Wilkins, Wyandotte, Mich.

Visits.

VISITS, WHELPS, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting visits, whelps, names claimed, sales, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

MOOREY—AYRSHIRE LADDIE.—Mr. William Lindsey's Scotch colley bitch Moorey (Cowper's Shep—Ellie's Beauty) on June 4, to Mr. J. Lindsey's imported Ayrshire Laddie (first New York, 1881).

ZIP—BOB.—Mr. C. H. Goodman's pointer bitch Zip (Snapshot—Fanny II) on May 15, to Dr. Chas. P. Lyman's imported Bob (champion Don, E. K. C. S. B. 4201—Ainsworth's Beauty).

VICTORIA—BRUSH II.—The Cummings' Cocker Spaniel Kennel's lemon and white cocker spaniel bitch Victoria on May 11 to their imported black cocker spaniel Brush II.

COUNTRESS ELLA—ROYAL BLUE.—Mr. A. W. Gore's setter bitch Countess Ella (Fred—Gypsie) on June 7, to Mr. A. M. Tucker's Royal Blue (Gladstone—Mersey).

RHUE III—GROUSE II.—Mr. Aeneas Faulkner Nuttall's Irish red setter bitch Rhue III (champion Count—champion Mayhe) on April 15 to Grouse II.

MINERVA—THUNDER.—Mr. E. A. Given's English setter bitch Minerva (Leicester—Sanborn's Nellie), to Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Thunder.

LULA II—RORY O'MORE.—Mr. J. J. Scanlan's Irish red setter bitch Lula II (champion Berkeley—Lester's Lula) to champion Rory O'More.

DOT—ELCHO II.—Mr. Soloah W. Paul's Irish red setter bitch Dot (champion Bob—champion Duck), to Dr. J. J. Jennelle's Elcho II.

MOLL—THUNDER.—The Mohawk Kennel's English setter bitch Moll (Leicester—Rose) to Mr. A. H. Moore's Thunder.

KATE—DARKIE.—Mr. H. Jewell's English setter bitch Kate, to Mr. A. H. Moore's champion field trial winner Darkie.

KATE—DARKIE.—Mr. H. Jewell's English setter bitch Kate to Mr. A. H. Moore's champion field trial winner Darkie.

BELLE—GROUSE II.—Mr. Spring's Irish setter bitch Belle, on March 28 to Mr. Aeneas Faulkner Nuttall's Grouse II.

NAN—RUSH.—Mr. J. D. Swain's pointer bitch Nan (Sensation—Juno) on June 8, to Mr. Edmund Orgill's Rush.

LUCK—RODERICK.—Mr. N. J. Barnes' English setter bitch Luck to Mr. A. H. Moore's Roderick.

TILLY—CHIEF.—Mr. G. Hill's Irish red setter bitch Tilly, on May 28, to Mr. Max Wenzel's Chief.

JUNO—GLADSTONE.—Mr. Jerry Corkrell's setter bitch Juno, on June 6, to champion Gladstone.

NELLIE—BOB.—At Tilton Kennels, Ireland, Mr. Moor's Nellie, on May 26, to Bob.

STELLA—DOM PEDRO.—Mr. J. D. Rankin's setter bitch Stella to Dom Pedro.

Deaths.

DEATHS, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting deaths, sales, names claimed, visits, whelps; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

JET.—Mr. Harry M. Brigham, Natick, Mass., has experienced a great loss in the death of his setter bitch Jet, which occurred recently by poison. She was a litter sister to Mr. E. H. Lathrop's Luna, and was bred by Mr. George H. Bigelow, Natick, Mass. Jet was a thoroughly broken bitch, about four years old, and her loss is the more severely felt as she was with whelp by King Pepin (Dashing Monarch—Petrel).

SOUTHERN DASH.—Mr. Jas. H. Carson's (formerly Dr. T. J. Corpening's) white and black ticked Llewellyn setter dog Southern Dash (Scout—Vashti) was recently killed by poison, administered by unknown parties. Mr. Carson represents him as having been fast, stylish and staunch, and possessed of wonderful endurance.

CAPER II—MAY WHELPS.—Mr. John L. Martin, Milford, Mass., has lost by distemper the entire litter of eight pointer puppies, whelped on May 10, by Capet II, out of May.

MINNIE.—Mr. John L. Martin, Milford, Mass., has lost by distemper the promising young pointer bitch Minnie, by Sam, out of Countess Nellie.

SPRING.—Mr. William H. Bennett, Milford, Mass., has lost by distemper his liver colored pointer dog Spring (Sam—Countess Nellie).

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1881.

FOXHALL.

Over the cable comes flashing the pleasant news that Mr. James R. Keene's bay colt, Foxhall, won the Grand Prix, at Paris, France, on Sunday last, Mr. Lefevre's Tristan second; Count de la Grange's Albion third. The contest was a very close and exciting one, as Tristan, a son of Hermit, and ridden by Archer who piloted Iroquois to victory in the Derby, joined Foxhall at the distance, both running a grand race home; the American representative winning through his staying qualities. That finished jockey, Archer, rode a waiting race on Tristan, coming with a rush at the close, but Foxhall, who had led through the entire race, had stamina enough left to defeat the horse that had been laid up for him. It was in those last few strides that the blood of Boston, Lexington and Glencoe asserted itself, enabling Foxhall to bear the American colors to victory.

Foxhall is a royally bred bay colt, from the celebrated Woodburn farm of Mr. A. J. Alexander, located near Spring Station, Kentucky. He is by King Alfonso, dam Jamaica, by Lexington (son of Boston); second dam Fanny Ludlow (Sue Morissey), by imported Eclipse; third dam Mollie Jackson by Vandal (son of imported Glencoe); fourth dam Emma Wright, by imported Margrave; fifth dam Fanny Wright, by Silverhens; sixth dam Aurora, by Lloyd's Vingt'un; seventh dam Pandora, by Grey Diomed; eighth dam by Hall's Union; ninth dam by Leonidas; tenth dam by imported Othello; eleventh dam by imported George Juniper; twelfth dam by imported Traveler; thirteenth dam imported Selma, by the Godolphin Arabian.

King Alfonso, since the death of Lexington, occupies the place of honor in the Woodburn stud. He is by imported Phæton (son of King Tom, out of Merry Sunshine, by Storm); dam Capitola by Vandal; second dam by imported Margrave; third dam Miletote, by imported Glencoe. Imported Phæton is the sire of such horses as Ten Broeck, King Faro, Jack Hardy, and The Nipper. King Alfonso was foaled in 1872, and his get first appeared on the turf in 1879.

Following upon the winning of the Derby by Iroquois, this second great victory for the American stables in Europe is a source of great congratulation to American breeders. The English press has endeavored to lessen the achievement of Iroquois from an American standpoint, by the assertion of his descent from an English bred sire, and by attributing his victory in a great measure to the skill of the English jockey, Archer. In the winning of the Grand Prix, the glorifying of Archer for his victory upon Iroquois, only lends added force to the winning of Foxhall; while the pedigree of the latter shows generation after generation of American bred ancestry.

The Grand Prix is one of the most, if not absolutely the most valuable prizes of the turf. The purse is, in round numbers, of the value of \$35,000. The contestants comprise annually the flower of the English and Continental stables, the race being for colts and fillies foaled in 1878, of every description and nationality. There were three hundred and eighty subscribers. The distance run is about one mile and seven furlongs, the time was three minutes and seventeen seconds, and Foxhall carried one hundred and twenty-one pounds.

Mr. Keene received the news of this, to him, not unexpected victory, accompanied as it was with the congratulations of his numerous friends, in a modest manner, stating that the greatest pleasure he derived from it was in a National sense, and that if this victory, combined with the winning of the Derby, would make plain to the people of Europe that American horses were superior to all others, his object in sending his stable to Europe would have been fully accomplished.

WILL AMERICAN TURFMEN PERMIT IT?

We have been grieved to learn that the homestead of the late Hon. Baille Peyton, near Gallatin, Tenn., is about to be sold under foreclosure of mortgage, to satisfy an indebtedness amounting to about \$5,000. This property is the inheritance of Miss Emily Peyton, his only daughter. The turfmen of Nashville, Tenn., have addressed a petition to the turfmen of the United States asking their aid to prevent the sacrifice, and to save the old homestead to the daughter. The very name of the homestead, "Peytona," should fire the hearts of old turfmen with recollections of "forty years ago," when the flying daughter of Glencoe, after whom it was named, won the Peyton stakes at Nashville, and afterward, when selected to run against the celebrated Fashion, the "Northern hope," defeated that wonderful mare in the presence of the largest gathering of turfmen, to that time assembled in this country.

For fifty years Col. Peyton occupied a leading position in every circle of society in which he moved. Whether as soldier, diplomatist, member of the National Congress, lawyer, or as a simple citizen, he was a "faithful servant to duty, and a very slave to honor." During his lifetime he contributed to the fullest extent of his great powers to the prosperity and elevation of the turf, and those who follow him now enjoy the fruits of his labors.

The circumstances which contributed to bring about the insolvency of Colonel Peyton's estate occurred within the last few years of his life, and were entirely beyond his control. No more laudable charity was ever presented to American turfmen; in fact, it is more than a charitable demand. It is a duty, and should be a pleasant one, for every lover of the turf, in every section of the Union, to spare no effort to assist in preserving to Miss Emily Peyton the small property which has been the homestead of that family since the red skin was driven from its soil. We do not believe American turfmen will permit this land to pass to strangers, and the only daughter to be driven from under the roof which has sheltered her from infancy.

We join heartily in this appeal, and trust the press of the entire country will present the facts to their readers, and request co-operation; remembering, that they are not asked to erect a costly mausoleum or mortuary monument of art, but to preserve that most sacred of all memorials, a father's home to his only daughter. Those who may feel disposed to contribute to the orphan's cause, can send such amounts as they wish to this office, and we will see that they reach Miss Peyton.

THE MICHIGAN TRANSPORTATION BILL.

Many inquiries having been made regarding the Michigan law, concerning the transportation of game, recently enacted in that state, we publish the full text of the Act as it passed the legislature. The Act, as originally introduced, included fish as well as game in its prohibitory provisions, but was amended in this respect before its final passage, so that tourists who indulge in the pleasures of angling need anticipate no trouble, if desirous of carrying or shipping their fish out of the state.

SECTION 1. *The People of the State of Michigan enact, That no person or corporation, or company shall, at any time, kill, or expose for sale, transport, or have in his possession, any deer, ruffed grouse, colin or quail, pinnated grouse, nor wild turkey, or any part of the carcass of the same, after the same has been killed, for any purpose except for consumption as food within this state.*

SEC. 2. *No person, corporation, or company, shall kill, or expose for sale, or have in possession, except alive, at any time, any deer, ruffed grouse, colin or quail, pinnated grouse, nor wild turkey, or any part of the carcass of the same, with the intention of sending or transporting, or having the same sent or transported beyond the limits of this state.*

SEC. 3. *Any person violating any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall likewise be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offence, and shall, on conviction thereof, be committed to the common jail of the county until such penalty is paid. Provided, such imprisonment shall not exceed thirty days.*

SEC. 4. *All prosecutions under the provisions of this act shall be commenced within one year from the time such offense was committed.*

SEC. 5. *Nothing in this act shall be construed as permitting the capture, killing or transportation of any of the kinds or species of birds, animals or fish referred to in this act, at any time in which the same is, or by any means or manner, which is prohibited by statute of this state, now in force, or hereafter to be enacted.*

NOTES ON THE FEEDING OF DOGS.—The article entitled "Notes on the Feeding of Dogs," by Professor O. B. Aubert, in our issue of May 28, has attracted the general attention of our readers, judging from the numerous complimentary letters received, and has opened up a hitherto neglected department in kennel science. The matter of cattle and horse feeding has been very thoroughly worked up, both in America and Europe, but no systematic method of dog-feeding has yet been proposed. We have no doubt that many of the ills which dog "flesh is heir to," may be traced directly to loose, careless and unscientific feeding. The same lack of care and discrimination in feeding our fine horses and Short-horns would lead to a fatality that could not fail to at once attract general notice. Professor Aubert writes that the sustenance ration laid down in that article he has practically determined himself; while the other rations are deduced from general principles which have been arrived at by physiological experiments. Scarcely secondary in general interest and importance, is Professor Aubert's article showing the influence of the food of the bitch upon the composition of her milk, in our last issue. We sincerely trust that Professor Aubert will continue his contributions in this line, and that he will succeed in arousing dog breeders to the great value which attaches to the subjects which he has so ably treated.

THE NEW YORK TOURNAMENT.—The Long Island Sportsman's Association, under whose auspices the twenty-third annual convention and tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held, announces the birds on hand, and that the programme will be carried out as published, commencing at Coney Island on Monday night, the 20th inst. It will be undoubtedly the richest in prizes of any tournament held in this country, and consequently an attendance correspondingly large can be anticipated. Already various places have urged on the different clubs, to be represented in the convention, their claims to the convention next year. Niagara Falls wants it, and is by all odds entitled to it, her claims ranking prior to all others; and we trust the proper appreciation of such claims will influence the convention to appoint Niagara Falls the place to meet next year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We would ask our correspondents to furnish us with notes as to the condition of our game birds during the breeding season.

The late severe Winter has been followed in many portions of our country by unusually heavy rains, which have been more or less destructive to the nestings. From Arkansas already come reports that in some of the best shooting sections the nests of the prairie chickens have been entirely destroyed, and if this has happened to any extent it is of general importance that our readers should post each other as to the facts in the sections where they reside.

CORNELL ADMITTED.—It is gratifying to be able to announce that the Henley regatta stewards have finally determined to allow the Cornell crew to participate in the Henley regatta. This was done in accordance with requests from all the prominent competing clubs, and, as a testimonial of fairness upon the part of English college oarsmen, is creditable and worthy of record. Great credit is due also to the Cornell crew for their pluck in starting for England in the face of being denied the right to contest. It is the same kind of pluck upon which we rely to force them to the front when nearing the goal.

PLACING YOUNG SHAD IN THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.—Saturday, June 4, half a million of young shad, about two days old, were placed in the Connecticut river at Hartford. They were generally about half an inch in length, and upon being placed in the river, scattered with great rapidity, some of the little fellows making their way up stream against a considerable current. These fish are furnished by the United States Fish Commission, and the value of this method of re-stocking the rivers has been so fully demonstrated by experience, that wise public policy demands its continuance.

PROPOSED NEW RULE FOR TRAP SHOOTING.—The attention of all lovers of trap shooting is called to the new rule proposed in the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, which will be found in our trap department in a communication from our correspondent, Jersey Boy. The proposed change in the system of scoring has many advocates, and a great deal may be said pro and con upon the question. We invite a general discussion upon the subject, offering the use of our columns for that purpose, because if the new rule meets general favor, it should be commonly adopted.

GUN STOLEN.—Mr. W. A. Albright, secretary of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo., informs us that between June 1 and 5, a fine W. W. Greener, double-barrel, breech-loading shot gun was taken from his store. The gun was a valuable one, having all the latest improvements, was a ten-gauge, weighing ten pounds, thirty-inch barrels, and bore in the guard and under the barrels the number 22,240. Any of our readers who may run across the gun in question will confer a favor by notifying Mr. W. A. Albright, No. 313 N. 3d St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE DOG POISONER ABROAD.—Our correspondent Mc., of Menomonee, Wis., informs us that the dog poisoner has been following his fiendish practices in that place, resulting in the death of several dogs, among which was Mr. Doolittle's favorite pointer Dick. We hope the time is near at hand when to poison a dog will be as great a crime as to thus destroy a horse or any other domestic animal. Those who enjoy such nefarious practices will then take their proper places among the criminal classes of society.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the eighth annual picnic of the Montgomery Shooting Club, of Montgomery, Ala., at Jackson's Lake, June 15. While we could not be present, we fully appreciate the courtesy of the invitation, and have no doubt those who participated found their cup of pleasure filled to the brim.

IROQUOIS WINS AGAIN.—The cable informs us that Iroquois has still further added to his laurels by winning the Prince of Wales Stake, run at Ascot, June 14, distance one mile and five furlongs, Geologist second, Great Carle third.

THE CHICAGO SHOOTING CLUB.—The Kleinman Handicap Medal of the Chicago Shooting Club will be contested for at Grand Crossing, on Wednesday afternoon next, June 22. Wild birds will be used.

FOR SALE IN NEW YORK.—The CHICAGO FIELD can always be found in New York at the following news stands: The Astor House, Brentano's, at the Desbrosses and Cortland St. Ferries, and at the Fulton Market news stand on Fulton St.

AUTHORIZED AGENT.—Mr. Horace W. Baldwin, No. 360 15th St., Denver, Colorado, is our authorized agent for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the CHICAGO FIELD in that city.

RETURNED.—Mr. J. Palmer O'Neill has returned from Europe, his return having been compelled by a cablegram announcing the illness of his sister, who died very soon after his return.

Game and Shooting.

Fixtures.

New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Brooklyn, June 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.
The Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, Topeka.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association, at call of the president.
Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, indefinitely postponed.
Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Cedar Rapids, indefinitely postponed.
Louisville, Ky., Sportsmen's Association, Louisville, indefinitely postponed.

How We Went Fishing and Caught a Bear.

BY PIOUS JEEMS.

It was a sultry Summer day, and I had dropped into the cabin of Wash Dye, the famous hunter and trapper of Tunica county, Mississippi, to spend a few days fishing in the beautiful lake near by. Wash was one of my homespun friends, one of those untutored sons of the forest, who always welcomed me to his humble cottage with a whole-souled hospitality worthy of a millionaire. There are no society distinctions in the heart of the great swamps. Here all men enjoy equal rights, and I knew Wash loved me, and I was equally attached to him, for I knew he had a soul as brave and true as ever dwelt in human frame, and a heart as noble and generous as ever beat a response to kindly emotions. He was tall and muscular in form, with a complexion once fair, but so bronzed by exposure to weather and the miasma of the swamps, that his skin looked dry and wrinkled. His step was light and elastic, and his carriage free and easy. He looked just what he was, a son of the wild, free woodlands. We had gathered up our fishing tackle and started for the lake, Wash carrying in one hand his fishing rod, in the other a short rifle with a large bore. I had known him many years, but had never seen him without his rifle—it was his inseparable companion.

The swamps are beautiful at this season. The rich alluvial soil with each overflow receives a fresh coating of manure from the mountains of the north, and the luxuriance of the forest is beyond description. As we walked along through the open woods where the undergrowth was kept down by the depth of the overflow, we could see the water marks in mud-stained rings twenty feet above our heads on the bodies of the great cottonwood and gum trees. On the ridge a little more elevated, where the highest water rarely reached, and quickly swept over, the cane in almost impenetrable masses choked the way. The wild grape and muscadine hung in rich festoons over the tall gums, draping the forest in clinging vines, and filling the air with fragrance; for there is no perfume more delicious than the odor of the wild grape. Above us countless songsters poured forth their wondrous minstrelsy "on the desert air," mingled with the hum of wild bees and the tapping of the ivory-beak as he searched amid the decayed timber for his favorite grub. Along the margin of the lake, as we wended our way to the scene of our Summer sport, everything was quiet, save the buzz of those execrable insect pests which infest the swamps, and turn admiration of the beautiful into bitter imprecations, and blessings on the good genius who invented pipes and the use of the narcotic weed; for what would the denizens of the swamps do without tobacco? Here the sportsman must be careful where he treads, for the slimy moccasin and more deadly cotton-mouth are numerous around the bottom lakes. A lovely country this in many respects, but it has its drawbacks. The venomous reptile can be avoided, the annoying mosquito can be smoked away, but the poisonous malaria which talnts the odorless breeze imperceptibly fills the system with disease, oft-times with death, all unperceived until the horrid chill creeps over your body, and shakes your very bones until your teeth rattle with ague, followed by a fever that seems to boil the blood, leaving the frame withered and prostrate. A delightful land and climate is the State of Mississippi. The uplands and prairies are healthy and salubrious. The great swamp in the valley of the Mississippi abounds in game, is charming in scenery, luxurious in products, a most enchanting Winter climate, "but the trail of the serpent is over all," for the deadly miasma guards this beautiful Eden with the sword of death.

Wash's pack of "b'ar dogs" had, uninvited, followed our track, and as we proceeded along our way one of them began to trail something in the cane. Suddenly we heard a singular cry. Wash halted and listened.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's an old she b'ar whipping her cubs up a tree," he replied. "She has heard the dog bark, and is trying to get her cubs out of the way."

Calling his dogs in, we hurried in the direction of the sound; the dogs rushed forward, and in a few minutes were clamorously baying at the foot of a tree. We approached, and found two cubs in the tree.

"Now," said Wash, "look out, and we will have some fun. The old she is not far off, and if we can make one of the cubs cry she'll come snorting out of the cane, and raise a rumpus, you bet! You just climb the tree and make one of those babies squall, and I'll shoot her as she comes."

"Make a sure shot, Wash, or I'll be in a bad fix up in the tree," I remarked, with some misgivings, as I pulled off my coat and boots, preparatory for the ascent.

One of the cubs was not very high up, and I soon had the youngster by the nape of the neck, although he bit at me savagely. I gave it a squeeze, and it began to squall. I looked down as I heard the cane crackling and saw the old she coming, snorting terrifically, with her ears laid back, and a look about her that foreboded mischief. I yelled to the dogs and they rushed at her, but she paid no attention to them whatever, but charged right through them toward Wash, who stood at the foot of the tree, rifle in hand, as imperturbable as a statue of bronze. When within a few feet of him he threw his rifle to his face and fired. The bear was struck in the forehead, but owing to the position of her head and the convex shape of the frontal bones, the ball glanced and sunk into her body. She fell at the crack of the gun, stunned by the shock of the ball; but quickly recovering, with a sweep of her paw she scattered the dogs and pushed on after Wash, who showed an electric pair of heels, until he reached a sapling and went up it like a squirrel. As Madam Bruin reached after him the dogs gathered her behind, when she was compelled to turn and fight. In the meantime had not remained an idle or disinterested spectator, and thinking my time would come next, had crawled out on one of the lower limbs of the tree, ready to swing out if she should attempt to crowd me to my retreat. My precaution was well taken, for after a short fight with the dogs she rushed to the tree I was in, and began to ascend. Seeing me she snorted savagely and began to make toward me, but I quickly alid out to the end of the limb, which began to bend, and when within ten feet of the ground I let go and alighted on my feet. I picked up Wash's rifle and shouted to him to throw me his ammunition bag, which he did and stepping behind a tree, I quickly loaded the old muzzle-loader. My stars! how I wished for my breech-loading Express, far away at home. It seemed an age. Seconds seemed minutes as I nervously rammed down the ball. Then it did seem to take me the longest time to find the caps. Wash, in the meantime, had descended, and just as I placed the cap on the tube the old she began to descend, but unfortunately on the opposite side of the tree from me, and she lost but little time in her descent. Clasp ing her arms around the trunk of the tree she scaled the bark like a streak of lightning, and made for where we were standing, regardless of the dogs, who attempted to intercept her. It was my turn now. I felt that my life hung on a thread. A moment before I was nervous and excited; but in this moment of extreme peril I felt my courage rise equal to the occasion, and, strange to say, felt a kind of joy in the situation. There is a fascination in danger that is inexpressible, but at that moment I

would for no consideration have been elsewhere, or accepted relief from any hand than my own. All fear had vanished; I felt a pleasure in the situation quite as 'indescribable' as it is unaccountable. Before me was a gorgon/monster; her eyes flashing like serpents, her jaws open to devour me, with rows of teeth glistening white as a crocodile's; but strange the incongruity in man. I admired the mother instinct and desperate courage of the savage brute, and was at one time sorely afraid, but had my nerves been forged of Damascus steel I could not have pressed the rifle to my shoulder with a steadier grip. My eye caught the sights, and aiming for the center of the forehead, I fired. At the crack of the gun she rolled over, but my ball, like Wash's, had glanced, but fortunately had broken her shoulder, so far disabling her. The dogs now closed in, and were making things lively. Wash and I stepped behind a big cottonwood and hastily reloaded. I then stepped forward, and getting a side view, placed a ball behind her shoulder, inflicting a mortal wound. Just then she seized a dog, and as she was crushing the life out of him, Wash rushed forward, and plunged his knife into her heart. She rolled over and breathed her last.

"A bully fight, wasn't it?" shouted Wash, as he wiped his bloody knife on the body of the dead bear. "This beats a whole season's fishing, don't it?"

I again climbed the tree after the cubs. They were not much trouble to catch, but the little imps kept up such a scratching and biting, it was difficult to get them down from the tree. I could easily have pitched them out, but did not wish the dogs to hurt them. After some trouble I tied them with my fishing lines, and handed them down to Wash. We then returned to Wash's cabin with our pets, and got a yoke of oxen and the forewheels of a wagon, and returned for the old dam. Hunger soon brought the baby bears to terms, and the next day they were quite at home, romping with Wash's children, who were very happy over their little playfellows. I have had many bear hunting adventures, but have never been anxious to tackle an old she again when defending her cubs.

Pontotoc, Miss.

A Greenhorn's Fine Gun.

BRUNSWICHLER CREEK, WIS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—We have a genuine greenhorn in our camp here in the woods. He arrived from Chicago some three weeks ago, and at once set himself up as an authority to us poor ignorant woodmen (who originally came from the same place) on all subjects in regard to hunting and fishing, and at once convinced us that all he knew about it was in his mind, and that he had never lost any of his wisdom by practical experience with rod and gun. We at once gave the noble Nimrod the name of Danger—as he is really dangerous to pork and beans and other camp grub, and a jug of "forty-rod" that he keeps hid in the barn. He says he has a little whiskey in his trunk to use in case of emergency, but he forgets every morning that the boys can see between the logs where they are not chinked.

Well, Danger has a gun with two sets of barrels. It is a double muzzle-loader, and according to his account it kills every time at twenty rods with No. 4's. The other day two Indians came along; they had been hunting but had had no luck, and said they were hungry and wanted something to eat. The cook gave them the remains of the dinner and they were soon outside of it, Danger in the meantime getting out his gun. Danger has read the Leatherstocking tales, and as it is his first experience with Indians, he thinks they must be the best of shots—noble hunters—in fact, the cream of the human race, and he is not able to see the difference between a Chippewa in fact, and a Huron as Cooper describes them. As soon as the "niches" were through eating, he asked one of them to shoot at a mark with him, but all the answer he got was, "*Coman Anglaise*," which meant the niches did not speak that fashionable modern language. Then he spoke to the other one, who answered him and told him to come on and he would shoot. They went out, and Danger put up an eighteen-inch board about twenty steps away for a mark, and on coming back asked the Indian to fire first; again it was "*coman*"—no. The Indian had an old army gun, and had, so he said, sixteen buckshot in it, and did not want to waste them. So Danger offered the Indian his gun to shoot with. Again it was "no," but the Indian said he wanted some fine shot, then he would shoot. Danger gave him some shot that he borrowed from one of the boys' pouches, and in a few moments the Indian had the charge drawn from his gun and reloaded it with fine shot, and then taking a long aim fired, and put the whole load in the board.

"That was a good shot, I tell you," said Danger, "but just let me show you how to knock it. I will split it, I tell you."

Danger took a rest over a stump, and fired, and then dropping the gun ran to the mark, but the Indian was there before him, and picked up the board, finding one shot in the bottom, which which was all that had struck it. Then Danger made some excuse about the gun hanging fire, and said he would shoot the other barrel; but that barrel was not that "kind of a cat," and would not go off in spite of all the caps he used.

Then he and the Indians came back to the cabin to have a smoke, and he began to show the Indian the other pair of barrels and the case, at the same time telling the Indians the following romantic history of the gun. I think the Indians had about as much idea of where India was as I had about preaching.

"Friends," said he, "this gun is an heirloom in our family. It was made in Dublin, in 1738, for the Duke of Kent, who used it in the jungles of India; shooting elephants, tigers and lions, also numerous rhinoceroses and crocodiles. In the days of the Sepoy war he defended his bungalow for three weeks, single-handed, against a hundred of the Malays who attacked him, killing a greater part of them. Yes, friends, these rifle barrels have been fired over ten thousand times, and the Duke alone has killed over a hundred tons of game with them. One barrel is a smooth bore, as you see, which gives greater crushing power to the projectile; the other barrel is rifled to give penetration. The Duke became such a proficient shot with this pair of barrels that he could shoot the spot out of the ace of clubs at twenty rods with the rifle ball, and then put the ball from the smooth bore in the same hole. With the shot barrels the Duke has killed countless numbers of golden pheasants, birds of paradise, and ostriches. He never used any other size of shot than number fours, and in that he was right, I tell you. He once shot a match at pigeons with this gun for two thousand guineas, and won, killing every bird at a distance of twelve rods. A few years after this event he came out to Canada on a sporting trip, and while there killed large numbers of moose, caribou, elk and deer; also painters and bears, as well as large numbers of wolves and lynxes. It was on this trip that he had a fearful encounter with a large bear. He was out hunting in the morning near my father's cabin. The Duke was an intimate friend of my father, and lived several weeks with us while in Canada. Well, while hunting that morning he met a large bear and fired at it, but as the loads in the gun had become damp while hunting in the rain the day previous, they did not go off. The bear gave a terrible growl, raised upon his hind feet, and stood there growling. My father chanced to be going by, and seeing the dangerous fix the Duke was in, rushed up and killed the bear with his ax. The Duke

was overjoyed at his escape, and presented the gun to my father. I inherited the gun from him, and shall give it to my son. This is the highest priced gun ever made, with one exception. That was a gun made by the same maker for the Duke's brother. This gun, friends, cost forty guineas; the locks cost five guineas each. The barrels are genuine London twist, with patent breech, and a genuine walnut stock that will never break."

The Indian then said "Ugh," and intimated he must be going, and as he went out the door he remarked to me, "Me no fool—damn heap good gun—shoot woodpeckers."

MACK.

Opinions of an Iowa Sportsman.

VILLISCA, IOWA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Allow me to fall into the ranks of the army of correspondents to the CHICAGO FIELD, if for only a sufficient length of time to enable me to tell you how much I appreciate your valuable paper. I can say without hesitation that the CHICAGO FIELD has done, and is doing more toward breaking up pot-hunting, trapping and killing game out of season, than any other one agency employed; besides elevating the ideas of all its readers, or at least many of those who read it for its sporting news. May it continue to prosper and do much more good, bringing into ridicule pot-hunters, bird-trappers, law-breakers, etc., at the same time showing to many that it is possible for a man to be a sportsman and also a gentleman and successful business man. Many of our business and professional men seem to think that one cannot be both—but that if a man be a lover of dog and gun he must of needs be of little other good—that if successful as a shooter he can succeed at nothing else; and if appearances go to show that he is doing very well now, they predict his downfall in the end. I say let them read the CHICAGO FIELD. The true sportsman would then have fewer trials to contend with, more aid in the preservation of game, and fewer gibes when he leaves his business for a half day's holiday, and appetite-making tramp behind his good old dog. Let them read while I say, hall, all hail to Boone, Gloan, Guldo, Mont Clare and the many others who contribute to our pleasure through your columns.

It would seem that Gloan was in much the same trouble that we are here, viz., pot-hunters, and farmers claiming the privilege of trapping and shooting on their own grounds at all seasons of the year, with no one to prosecute them; that is how we are situated. We have no gun club to push such things, and should an individual attempt it, his business would pay the forfeit. Let us strive with might and main to right these things.

Boone has seemingly passed through an ordeal almost as trying as by fire; it at least would appear so, for with the thermometer at twenty-two degrees below zero, my wife's house-plants bade this world a tender farewell, looking much as though they had passed through a fiery furnace; and if his received their death warrant at thirty-one degrees below, it must have been a little trying to him and very hard on the plants; however, I can very readily understand his position, as I had the pleasure of a Winter in Le Mars, a few miles west of there, and that their wind-storms or "blizzards" are first-class, I will testify. That he and I may experience no more of them, is my wish. I am very sorry to hear of poor Bob White's chance for life in Boone's locality being so decidedly slim. I wish we might Winter them for him; let us hope that the few found dead by him were exceptions to the general rule. With us they are, to the best of my knowledge, safe, fat and strong, quite plenty, finding good cover, any amount of corn, both in the fields and roads, having for their worst enemies pot-shooters and wild animals, wolves and foxes principally.

Prairie chickens are more plentiful than usual, strong, well-feathered and amply able to take care of themselves, as evinced by the poor bags made by the hay-seeds, who undertake to knock them off the fence with their old gas pipes.

Right here let me say that our boys pronounce Mr. Whitford's "Chicken Shooting and Camp Life in Minnesota," simply immense. It was read by many who never before read a page in a sporting paper in their lives. As for Mr. Tracy's illustrations, they need no words from me, they require only to be seen to be admired, and branded full weight, nothing wanting; they are interesting alike to sportsmen and anti-sportsmen, so true to life are they. How much I should enjoy having one of them, or other of the CHICAGO FIELD's many correspondents visit us during the chicken season; welcome, boys, at any time.

We intend organizing a gun club here, after which we will no doubt have a larger number of CHICAGO FIELDS to take care of and get direct from the office instead of the newsdealer. We have enough local shots to make a good team, and can pick out a half-dozen shots hard to beat.

SOOTHING SYRUP.

Hawks and Crows.

PRINCETON, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I am pleased to see the interest shown by the readers of the CHICAGO FIELD in regard to the destruction of hawks. My experience tallies with that of Mr. Morse, that they associate the sound of the gun with something to eat. While shooting geese last Fall, on the Arkansas river, I had an opportunity to watch the hawks, as they were quite numerous; and whenever a hunter fired at a flock of geese the hawks watched as closely as the hunter to see if any fell, sometimes changing their course to get a better view. If a goose fell at some distance from the shooter, they would be sure to fly over the spot where it fell, so as to know where to find him should the hunter fail in doing so. While doing this, they took pains to keep entirely out of shot gun range. It was amazing to see how quickly they would consume a goose. If one hawk found a goose, others would be in waiting to take the finder's place as soon as the latter had finished, for only one would eat at a time, and in a few hours nothing but feathers and bones would be left of the goose.

By the way, during the close season on game, why could not the rust be kept from some of our fine breech-loaders by destroying hawks in the manner described by our German brother in Alabama. Large owls can be obtained in many of the heavily timbered portions of the country. Who will be the first to report a score?

It has long been a mooted question amongst farmers whether or not the crow pays his way, and it will probably remain unsettled for a long time to come. As far as the sportsman's interests are concerned, he is decidedly a nuisance, for he preys on all the game birds' eggs he can find, and is no respecter of the young birds. The birds, destroyed by crows, would cause the destruction of more insects than their destroyers, and besides would be fit for eating afterward; while one hundred grouse or quails would furnish far more sport and recreation than the same number of crows, besides being much more pleasing to the sight, and the whistle of the quail sounds far better to most ears than the coarse croak of the crow.

To the farmer who protects him, the crow will stick closer than a brother. If he has any eggs, small chickens or young lambs scattered around, the crow will step in and help him care for them, and do it so effectually that they will need no further looking after, unless in the case of the lambs, whose vision they have

destroyed. He will even be sociable, and build his nest in trees near by. If the farmer has suitable ones, so he can be handy to grub; like some business men, who do not like to feed far from their place of business.

How different it is with the farmer who shoots them, and has one of their number hanging to the lower limb of a tree, or the top of a fence stake. The crow passes this farmer by, and if he happens to alight in the vicinity, acts as though his feet were on nettles, and soon concludes he has business somewhere else. This farmer will not find egg shells scattered all over his place, and his chickens and lambs will be let alone.

The farm of Mr. A. Bryant, Sr., brother of the late William Cullen Bryant, is an illustration of the respect crows have for those who favor them. Upon this farm, in some pine trees, within thirty rods of Mr. Bryant's dwelling, is a crow roost where more than a hundred of them nest. Mr. Bryant does not molest them, and they take no notice of his presence, but outside of his domain they are as wild as other crows.

With all his faults, however, the crow has one redeeming feature—he eats grasshoppers—and when they are plenty will stow them away in a manner not to be despised. Some agricultural papers assert, and no doubt truthfully, that crows destroy white grubs. But in my opinion, the birds that the crow destroys would catch as many, if not more, insects than the crow, thus allowing us to dispense altogether with the latter. G. G.

The Attractions of St. Joseph, Mo.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—St. Joseph, Mo., is what might truly be called a sportsman's town; it being the home of the great and only Fred Erb, has one of the most prosperous gun clubs to be found in the West, and probably the finest body of water for both fishing and shooting to be found in the same section. Lake Contrary is its name, and on its east bank the club have erected elegant and commodious houses for the accommodation of themselves and friends.

The club is credited with about forty members, and has been in existence ten years. Their city headquarters are at Captain Frank Hopkins' gun store. They have quite an extensive library and, in addition to several files of the CHICAGO FIELD, have a complete set of Wilson's Ornithology for reference. The library is presided over by your valuable correspondent, Harry Carter, who is also the corresponding secretary of the club. They hold regular semi-monthly shoots for badges, of which there are several. The regular club badge is now held by Master George Hopkins, a mere lad, but one of the cleverest shots in the country. The officers of the club are: Paul Francke, president; C. B. Clagget, recording secretary; Harry Carter, corresponding secretary; C. Mast, treasurer.

Paul Francke, the president of the club, is a sportsman in every sense of the word, and possesses several curiosities in the way of guns, which he has had "manufactured according to his own idea," the greatest of which is his "mitrailleuse," a seven barrel, twenty-two caliber, cartridge shooter, so arranged as to discharge all at once, and intended for long-range shooting on large game. He has made several tests of it, and seems well satisfied with the results. He also has a regular arsenal of shot-guns and rifles, ranging in value from \$250 to \$900; he also owns some fine dogs.

I called at the club headquarters and after some general conversation, one gentleman asked me, "Have you heard the good joke on Paul F—?"

The word seemed to freeze in his mouth, for he never finished the sentence. Guns, pistols, ball clubs, fishing tackle, and pieces of coal seemed medleyistically floated in the air, and pointed directly at him. While I was anxious to hear the joke I didn't want anybody hurt, but they passed a box labeled "Paul Francke's cigars." I smoked, and afterward, in every city and hamlet out West, where I met a sportsman, about the first question asked me was "Have you heard of that big joke on Paul Francke, at St. Joe?" I kept count up to 463 times, and then got tired. It is strange how fast a good joke travels, and how much gets added to it in its go-as-you-please travels; probably as he is so well-known, that the fox will get to be a cinnamon beer by next fall.

Messrs. Hopkins, Erb, Sr., and Jr., Buzzard, Mast, Francke, Clagget, Carter and others all have fine dogs, both pointers and setters, and, take it altogether, any one in search of a place to spend a few days or weeks pleasantly, could do no better than to go to St. Joe, get acquainted with the members of the club, and his wants will be satisfied.

Frank Hopkins keeps a sportsman's outfitting store, and a good one too; is agent for the Hazard Powder Co., and is always ready to supply the wants of sportsmen and give them any information they may need regarding localities, etc. Harry Carter, your genial correspondent, may also be found here always ready to accommodate you.

Fred Erb, Jr., introduced me to his father and showed me his "meat house," of which so much has been said. He also desired me to inform Mohawk, and the public generally, that he has not retired from trap shooting by any means; that he is ready and willing to make a match with any one on most any conditions; that you may expect to hear from him soon on trap shooting. He also has an Irish red setter, called Rover, which he wants to match, dog against dog, on either chickens or quails; now here is a chance for some one to have two good dogs or be dog-less. H. G.

A Close Shooting Gun.—Chilled Shot.

CLINTON, IOWA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—One of your subscribers asks whether or not chilled shot were injurious to use in a choke bore gun. My experience has been, that chilled shot are perfectly safe, do not injure a gun in the least, and give better penetration than soft. I have used them almost exclusively for five years in choke bore guns, and cannot see that it had the least effect on the barrels.

The more hunting I do the more firmly am I impressed with the belief that some of us pay too much money for our guns; that is, that with a more moderate expenditure of money, the same results can be obtained. What we need in this portion of the state are well made, close shooting, and durable guns. My time is so taken up with business that duck and trap comprise almost all my shooting, and, as my acquaintances know, I am a great advocate for close shooting guns, as our shooting here is mostly on ducks, and we have to reach pretty far for them at times. For a long time it has been my belief that for not to exceed \$75 we ought to be able to get a gun that would combine good material, workmanship, and be a close and strong shooter; one that would stand wear and tear. With that conviction in my mind I had sent me, subject to approval, from G. & A. Hayden, Jacksonville, Ill., a No. 4 E. C. Green gun, ten pounds, ten bore, full choke. This gun cost \$65, and in pattern and penetration exceeds any gun I ever owned, and within the past six years I have owned four different full choke guns, and those who have seen my guns at trap shoots know they were close and hard shooters.

Having the privilege of testing this Green gun before deciding whether or not it would be accepted by me, my brother and myself measured forty yards from the muzzle of the gun, loaded with four and one-half drams powder, one and one-fourth ounces Chicago chilled shot, two wads on powder, one on shot, and with four shots at each target, made the following average:

AT FORTY YARDS.			
No. 4 shot.....	1 foot square.....	Average, 46	
" 4 ".....	24 inch circle.....	" 109	
" 4 ".....	30 inch circle.....	" 130	
" 6 ".....	1 foot square.....	" 81	
" 6 ".....	34 inch circle.....	" 154	
" 6 ".....	30 inch circle.....	" 236	
" 8 ".....	1 foot square.....	" 138	
" 8 ".....	24 inch circle.....	" 302	
" 8 ".....	30 inch circle.....	" 404	

AT FIFTY YARDS.			
No. 4 shot.....	24 inch circle.....	Average 71	
" 6 ".....	" ".....	" 109	
" 8 ".....	" ".....	" 252	

After making these targets, and having always carefully tried my other guns, I accepted this. The gun is built as in my opinion a gun should be, well balanced, strong stock, with the work on the locks and barrels. In referring to this gun it is not with the intention of advertising; I am no dealer and have no interest in the sale of the gun, and never saw the parties who sold me the gun.

Now, I don't want your readers to think that I am a solicitor for, or an advocate of, the use of cheap guns. All I have to say is that good workmanship, substantial material, uniformity, durability, and good pattern and penetration ought to be attained by the sportsman at a much less price than formerly. The reason these targets are given is, that they may be of benefit to your readers in selecting a gun when they order it to shoot close. Frequently subscribers of the CHICAGO FIELD ask if a gun that makes such and such a target (giving number of pellets in a given space) is a close shooting gun. If they will preserve their copies of the CHICAGO FIELD and refer to targets made as these were—with care—they will save frequent answers to numerous questions, and have the means within their grasp of knowing what a gun ought to do. W. B. L.

Shooting on the Head Waters of the Saline River.

GRAINFIELD, KAN.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have been staying at this town four days, and if there is a place upon earth where the boys try to make the stay of the stranger pleasant, I verily believe this is the spot. The first day of my arrival, I was told that they enjoyed the finest of duck shooting, and that antelope and deer were to be found in almost any direction. Tom Moore the sheep man, John Beal and Geo. Dryer, of the Occidental Hotel, of this place, Ed Smith, one of the State Aid Commissioners, and your correspondent, made up the party; and a full load it was for a two horse team—which started for the Saline river. We reached the river at a point three miles north of Grainfield.

Arriving at the river with the salty name, we followed up the stream, going west. Indications of ducks were visible on approaching the water, and it did not take long to enthrall the party to the point of scattering along the stream, when the music of the breech-loaders commenced. Canvas backs, red heads, mallards, Kansas mallards, blue bills, widgeons, spring teals, blue and green winged teals, butter balls, and spoon bills, were among the varieties secured.

Ed Smith, who is the driest joker in the state, created a sensation, and came near stampeding the party. Ed was crawling up to get a good shot at some blue wings which were settled in a beaver pond, when he rolled over on his back, threw down his gun, yelled "rattlesnake," and called for the whiskey. Four of the boys ran to him, when he explained that he had been bitten in the thigh by a rattler. Poor Smith grasped the flask, and drank until his eyes started from their sockets, all the while looking the picture of despair. "Oh Lord! Oh Lord!" In the meantime the boys were in search of the venomous serpent which had bitten our friend, but they failed to find him, and Smith's attention was called to this fact, and he was asked where he was when the snake had bitten him. Smith partially arose, and pointing to a spot a few feet to the west, was about to say there it was, when his eye caught sight of a bunch of low growing cactus.

"Boys," said he, "I am a fool; for I really believe it was that infernal cactus which I crawled upon, and I thought it was a rattlesnake."

He carefully examined his thigh, and found there evidences of the fact that he was not stung by a rattlesnake, but his flesh was full of the sharp thorns of the cactus. He took another drink from the flask, then got upon his feet, which was the sign for the boys to laugh.

The sport then went on, and the afternoon closed with a game bag containing something over seventy ducks of the varieties I have named. Ed Smith will be a very old man before he hears the last of that rattlesnake bite. It has already cost him more than one box of cigars, and a liberal amount of liquids.

Yesterday eleven antelopes came nearly up to the town, on the south side, but no one paid any attention to them. This, I am told, is almost a daily occurrence. If the readers of the CHICAGO FIELD desire any real sport let them visit Grainfield, and my word for it, they will not be disappointed. It must be remembered, of course, that all game has its seasons. My advice would be to open a correspondence with Mr. Q. B. Beal, of this place, who is a genuine sportsman, and will take any amount of trouble to have parties reach here at the proper time. C. G. C.

Duck Shooting at Skunk Island.

FRANKLIN GROVE, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—It is hardly worth while to state, that in this latitude our Spring was a very backward one, and we Nimrods began to think the ducks and geese had given us the go by, as we had heard of their being in countless numbers through Central Iowa. But a few weeks since, in the afternoon, I sauntered east of town a few miles, on the track of the C. & N. R. R., to give my dogs a run—a Russian setter and a liver colored pointer (the latter, I think, a promising pup), and to my delight I saw quite a number of ducks on the wing, the first I had seen this Spring. After returning, I found Doc R., and he made arrangements with Fred H. to start for the shanty on Skunk Island, which is in the Inlet marsh—familiar to many Chicago hunters. Monday morning, April 12, about nine o'clock we left town, in a snowstorm, with hopes that it would turn to rain; but instead, it snowed harder and faster. We reached the shanty about four o'clock, after driving through and over snow-drifts about two to six feet high, and found E. B., of Ashton, and a companion, who had arrived about two hours in advance of us. We saw some little game moving, but did not go out.

Tuesday morning, water frozen over; cold, northwest wind, I did not go out. Wednesday it moderated some, and we went out about the middle of the afternoon. I killed three ducks; Doc and E. B. killed seven.

Thursday morning water frozen over again, wind shifted to southeast. Ice opened up, and about ten o'clock we all pulled

out in our boats, and located. E. B. and Doc took quarters in the butt of some haystacks about one-quarter of a mile apart, and southwest of the shanty. I found a little cover about one and one-half miles northeast. Prospects about noon, were good; I routed about fifteen swans, and they were foolish enough to pass low over E. B., who sent a load of buckshot at one, which failed to tell, and another of OO, which brought down one of their number. They then passed on to Doc, who emptied two shells from his ten-gauge Bonehill, but failed to count. He then picked up his Ward Burton, and discharged four shots, the last about eighty rods distant, and fractured the tip joint of the right wing of one, and he gradually lowered to the water. Then commenced a lively chase through mud and water for about one mile, and we finally captured him with a load of buckshot. He was a larger and finer bird than E. B.'s. This day I killed ten ducks, and E. B. and Doc three, and a swan each.

Friday morning we were out a few hours—game very scarce—myself four, E. B. and Doc three each. We then concluded to pack up, and start for home and stay there till prospects looked better.

This will seem to many sportsmen a poor week's hunt, but owing to poor cover, it being burnt nearly clean, and the scarcity of game, we were tolerably well satisfied with the result. J. O. A.

Kansas Notes.

DODGE CITY, KAN.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—This usually dry country has been blessed with abundant rains; the rain fall for May was thirteen inches. The grass is green, but not high, as the buffalo grass does not grow very tall. Three herds of cattle, numbering over 6,000 head, have passed through en route north to Ogallala. Captain A. J. French is in from the South, and puts the number of cattle down at 60,000, on the trail between this city and the Cimarron.

We have no shooting. The plover and curlew have not arrived in sufficient numbers for sport. The ducks have departed, except a few mallards and wood ducks that are breeding. Antelopes can be found within four or five miles, and jack rabbits almost anywhere. Ex-mayor Kelly owns five greyhounds, and used to go for many a run; but last Spring he received a terrible fall from his horse, and has not been able to ride since.

Capt. French reports nearly all the hawks killed in the lower country by eating poisoned meat laid out for wolves and coyotes about the cow camps. It is dangerous to take good dogs there on that account, as the meat retains the poison a long time. Mr. Chas. N. Whitman, of Leavenworth, Kan., laid here a few days on his way to the Pan Handle, Texas. He went out with the Lee and Reynolds outfit, and is accompanying the long horns to try and recover his health, which was shattered by his recent European tour. Mr. Whitman is a pleasant, agreeable gentleman. His black pointer dog died some time ago; the bitch he took South with him. Mr. Whitman's address is Tascosa, Texas, care of Lee & Reynolds.

Dr. Howe, a member of the Winkle Club, Lawrence, Kan., is here; the Doctor is a thorough sportsman, owns a cannon-like Scott gun, and has along a well-broken liver and white pointer dog.

Dr. Pease, of St. Louis, is here also, recently returned from a trip to Fort Supply, I. T., and Fort Elliot, Texas.

Mr. Willett, just in from Hardesty's Ranch, about fifty miles south, reports the lakes covered with ducks and plenty of duck eggs along the edges. Antelopes plenty.

We sometimes see shooting matches here, but men instead of pigeons are used, and six shooters instead of shot-guns. Safe? Crocus.

A May Morning in the Woods.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Reclining under the ample shade of an aged oak, I sit and listen to the birds carolling their morning songs. On a neighboring tree a red-headed woodpecker is busy tapping its trunk in search of the larvae that form such an important feature in his bill of fare; a little red squirrel pauses in his merry gambols to watch his feathered brother, and with head on one side, no doubt wonders what he is after; but moralizing for any length of time is something that is not in keeping with his nature, and with a whisk or two of his tail he bounds out on a limb and disappears among the bright green leaves.

Out through the green lanes to the left can be heard the merry tinkling of a distant cow bell, mingled with the barking of the watchful house dog, announcing the Sabbath morning visit of some old time friend, while through the woods to the rear can be heard the drumming of the distant pheasant, blended with the cheerful notes of the festive Bob White.

All around, the second-growth hickories are clad in beautiful drooping light green leaves glistening in the morning sun, while over them, in the pendant arches, are extended the gnarled boughs of the stately oak, mingled with the bright green foliage of the ash, butternut and black walnut; while here and there in the open places can be seen, clustering in clumps, the lovely pink and white blossoms of the wild crab apple, varied here and there with the snowy white of the cherry and wild plum.

On a neighboring fallen tree a little chipmunk sits eyeing us askance—the picture of saucy impudence. Dash, returning from chasing a butterfly, catches sight of him and proceeds to interfere with him, only to get there just as he disappears under a projecting limb. Dash has no sooner taken up position at my side, than the chipmunk makes his appearance, and coolly proceeds to examine his fore paws as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity, while Dash sits and watches his proceedings in silence, convinced that he might as well chase the fleeting shadow as to try to catch a chipmunk on a fallen tree. Rustic.

BREECH-LOADERS IN LINN COUNTY, KANSAS.—La Cygne, Kan.

—Editor Chicago Field:—In a recent communication to your paper, Parker, writing from Mound City, says: "We have only three breech-loaders in the county." If he had said only three in Mound City, he might have been correct, but his arithmetic is at variance with justice if he considers Mound City sportsmen the only ones in this county possessing the excellent class of guns above referred to. In La Cygne and vicinity, this county, the same one that Mound City is located in, there are at least ten breech-loaders according to the personal knowledge of your correspondent. I do not suppose this includes Parker's trio, either, and there are still numerous square miles to hear from before the gun census of the county can be called complete. Jack snipe shooting was unusually good in this locality the last season. Quail shooting promises to be fine here in the fall. Arlo.

NOT ONE RETURNED.—Niagara, Ont.—Editor Chicago Field:—Last Summer we turned out 200 European or Messina quails in the county of Kent, near Chatham. I have been making inquiries about them this year, but can hear nothing of them, and I think not one has returned. D. C. P.

Notes.

MILFORD, MASS., June 5.—Quails are whistling around us in goodly numbers, notwithstanding a very severe winter, and I have already heard of some early broods. Woodcocks came this way in large flights early this season, and remained with us for many days. Grouse came through the cold winter all right, as is their custom, and the only thing we have to fear is spring fires in the woods. We have had a number of these fires already, and some very severe ones in our best grouse sections. A friend of mine informed me that he found a nest in one of the burned districts, containing nine eggs, which were all roasted, as he found by cracking one of them. J. L. M.

NEW YORK, June 10.—Owing to the continued wet weather, woodcocks in New Jersey are scattered over all kinds of ground, and though they are pretty well grown and in fair numbers, the prospect for large bags (to rot and foul before they can be made use of) is not flattering at this date. I hear from all parts that the quails have wintered remarkably well, despite the very severe weather; our prospects are bright for good fall shooting if our present continued rains or storms do not disturb their breeding and kill the young broods. J. B.

ATLANTA, IOWA, June 9.—Quails are doing well here. According to all indications, they will be as plenty as last fall. Chickens are quite plenty, and attending to business. Some few ducks, mostly blue-winged teals, are breeding in our bayous and lakes. Club matters are quite dull, as a number of the members are farmers, and are very busy now. WAPSHAM, N.H.

PLAINFIELD, IND., June 4.—Our quails are doing well, considering the last severe winter, the pot hunter, farmer's traps, etc. I have noticed some bewies that would number twenty birds each. Squirrels are plenty. Last Wednesday I killed thirteen in less than three hours, one being perfectly white. E. N.

STORM LAKE, IOWA, June 8.—Prairie chickens (old birds) are very plenty. Mallard ducks and blue-winged teals are breeding extensively in the sloughs, which are unusually full of water on account of the deep snows of last winter, and the heavy fall of rain this spring. N. B. N.

CARLEISLE, ARK., June 6.—The prospects are now that all the young chickens of this spring's crop are drowned. I have found several in the water that has covered our prairies for the last two weeks; also several nests abandoned and full of water. H. M. S.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, June 4.—After making diligent inquiries I find there are plenty of quails left over for stock in this section, and I am satisfied they will be in goodly numbers next fall. I. N. W.

TIPTON, TENN., June 6.—Birds were never so plentiful in spring-time before as they are now. I can't see that we miss those which were killed last winter. W. L. M.

DEWITT, ARK., June 6.—Young prairie chickens have been nearly all drowned by the late rains. There will not be any good shooting here this year. J. B. C.

Miscellaneous.

Sixth Annual Regatta of the Quaker City Yacht Club.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—This event which is looked upon by our yachtsmen as a red letter day in their calendar, came off on June 6, and was in every respect a success. There were eighteen yachts in all, five of the first class, five of the second class, and eight of the third class, that spread their snowy canvas and sped away on their eighteen mile run to the red buoy at the upper end of Chester Island.

The first class boats are cabin yachts, sloop-rigged, between thirty and thirty-eight feet water line measurement; the second class are also cabin sloops under thirty feet, and the third class boats are subdivided into classes A and B, open boats, the former from twenty-three to thirty feet, and the latter from twenty to twenty-three feet. These boats are classed as "cat-rigged," but they carry in addition to a mainsail a jib, jib topsail, balloon jib, gaff topsail, square sail, and in fact, anything they can cram on to increase their speed.

The fleet that participated in this regatta was as follows: First class yachts—Minerva, Clara, Coquette, G. W. Fairman, and White Wing. Second class—Stella, Chris. Gallagher, Lillie, Eliza and M. H. Thomas. Third class A—T. J. Pratt, Esther, Camden and Adelphi. Third class B—Pauline, G. W. Hasse, Bianca and J. Gallagher.

The weather on the morning of the regatta was all that the most enthusiastic yachtsman could desire; a stiff breeze was blowing from the northeast, and on the flood tide the river was dotted here and there with white caps, and as the boats arrived at their moorings from up or down the river, as it happened to be, some of them had single reefs in their sails, and presented a beautiful sight. Before high water the wind had gone down considerably, and when the tide began to ebb there was a very moderate breeze blowing.

The commodore steamboat, Thomas Clyde, that accompanied the regatta after taking on a number of passengers on the Philadelphia side of the river, ran across to Camden where a large crowd of men, women and children boarded her, and before the yachts were ready to start the steamboat was loaded with about 1,200 passengers, and although numerous friends of the rival yachts were among the company, yet everything was as orderly and continued so all day, as though the boat contained a Sunday-school picnic. This good order was owing to the presence of ladies, and also to the fact that the Quaker City Yacht Club never allows intoxicating liquors of any kind to be sold on the steamboats that accompany their regattas.

The boats were moored in the channel abreast of Market street, Camden; the first-class boats in a line from eastward to westward; the second class about thirty feet to the northward, and the third class a proper distance above the second class, each boat with mainsail set. At five minutes of eleven, two blasts from the steamer's whistle warned the crews to get ready, and five minutes later, "Judy" Coleman, the indefatigable chairman of the regatta committee, pulled the string that fired the signal gun, and ere its echo died away the boats had their anchors up, and were swinging around to the wind. The champion Minerva was the first of the large boats to head down the river, and was followed quickly by the White Wing, Clara and Coquette. The Geo. W. Fairman had the misfortune to foul with the submerged telegraph cable, and was detained nearly an hour before she got her anchor up, and started upon her course. The Lillie, Eliza and Stella, of the second class boats, got away almost together; and the Pratt, Gallagher, Hasse, Adelphi and Bianca, of the third class, were all within a stretch of about one hundred yards. It was a beautiful start, the wind was blowing a good whole sail breeze, the ferry boats and regatta steamer were covered with flags; the various vessels in the immediate neighborhood had run up their colors; Ridgway Park (in the middle of the river, and immediately opposite the starting point) was filled with

people cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs; every lumber pile from Camden to Kaighn's Point, was crowded with men and boys, and high above the din and tumult of the various noises could be heard the music of the brass band as the Thomas Clyde sheered off from the wharf to mid-channel, and started to accompany the boats to Chester buoy.

At Kaighn's Point (about two miles from the starting point) the Pratt had worked to the front, and was leading the entire fleet, followed by the Minerva, J. Gallagher, and Clara. The wind had lightened considerably, and when the Horseshoe channel was reached the Pratt still led, closely followed by the Gallagher and Minerva, with the Bianca, Pauline, Clara, Adelphi, Hasse and Camden, a considerable distance astern. Off Red Bank the Pratt set her jib, and opened a large gap between herself and the Gallagher, which kept growing wider and wider, until she led the whole fleet about two miles. At Malden's Island (about twelve miles down) the wind that the Pratt had been carrying died out, and she merely drifted with the tide, but Sam Walker (her captain) had his eyes "about him," ready to take advantage of any favorable turn of weather. The boats in the rear were still carrying a light breeze, and bore down upon the Pratt; and the Adelphi, Gallagher, Bianca and Esther, the latter with a big balloon jib, came up even with the Pratt, and the latter feeling the breeze again, like a mettlesome horse when tickled with the spur, bounded ahead and from the upper end of Tinicum Island to Chester buoy (about three miles) the first exciting race in the regatta took place. It was a sight well worth witnessing. Each boat had its friends on board the steamer, and loud were the cheers of encouragement that were sent forth to the rival boats. The Gallagher turned the buoy first, followed closely by the Bianca, Pratt, Esther, and Adelphi. The time at this point was:

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
J. Gallagher	1 15 30	Pauline	1 20 31
Bianca	1 15 45	Lillie	1 25 00
T. J. Pratt	1 15 50	Stella	1 25 15
Esther	1 15 55	Chris. Gallagher	1 27 30
Adelphi	1 16 00	M. S. Thomas	1 30 00
Clara	1 19 00	Coquette	1 31 10
Minerva	1 19 45	White Wing	1 32 00
G. W. Hasse	1 20 00	Eliza	1 33 30
Camden	1 20 30	Fairman	1 56 00

So light was the breeze when the boats turned (the tide being on the ebb) that for a moment they were unable to move an inch forward, and six of them lay so close together that a person could almost have stepped from one to the other. The Adelphi was the first to move, and shooting ahead about fifty yards, stood still, and was overhauled by the Esther. The other boats then began to feel the light southeasterly breeze, and scattered off toward the slack water along Jersey shore. At Thompson's Point, about a mile and a half above the buoy, the Esther was on the lead, but the Gallagher was hugging close behind her, with the Pauline, Bianca, Adelphi, Clara, Stella, Pratt, Minerva and Lillie, following. The Esther and Gallagher had a lively race from Crab Point to Billingsport, about four miles, but when abreast of the wharf the Gallagher was becalmed, and the Clara, Esther, Pauline, Hasse and Pratt caught her, and the boats all became bunched together, so that the crews could speak to each other. Walker worked the Pratt clear of the fleet, and headed across the river to the Pennsylvania shore, taking the chance of finding a breeze on the western side of the river, but running the desperate risk of being cut down a mile by the strong ebb tide. But he was rewarded; a strong breeze came out from north-northwest, and he bowled up along the western shore like a "quarter horse," and at the buoy below the Block House led the whole fleet, and crossed the river, taking advantage of the slack tide along the bar, headed the Gallagher, and gradually worked ahead about half a mile toward Red Bank. The Esther came up the channel, carrying a good breeze, but was becalmed a short distance below the Block House, and the others of the fleet, coming up along the Jersey shore, left her in the rear, but not for long, as a spanking breeze caught her and carried her up among the fleet. At Red Bank the Gallagher passed the Pratt, with the Esther, Bianca, Hasse, Minerva, Adelphi and Clara following in the order named. The Gallagher and Pratt worked clear of the fleet and crossed the river toward League Island, and had a lively race. The wind was very light and the boats could scarcely maneuver but they performed most beautiful work. The Pratt had crossed the Horseshoe Bar and was in the Swash Channel, and the Gallagher kept outside along the edge of the bar. The Hasse followed them, and as she neared the Ironsides buoy a puff of wind struck her and her men threw themselves out to windward, holding on to the life-lines, when one of the lines parted and the unlucky holder of it was dumped heels over head into the water, but was picked up by a passing skiff.

From the upper end of League Island to Kaighn's Point the wind came out a little fresher, and the Gallagher and Pratt had a most lively and exciting race. At Gloucester the Pratt was ahead, but the Gallagher, although the smaller boat, and carrying much less sail, moved through the water and went about more lively than her antagonist, and when it came down to short work the Gallagher outsailed her. The home buoy was passed in the following order:

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
J. Gallagher	5 24 00	Clara	5 59 25
T. J. Pratt	5 26 15	Chris. Gallagher	6 01 22
G. W. Hasse	5 33 48	M. S. Thomas	6 05 00
Bianca	5 35 35	Camden	6 05 05
Esther	5 42 00	Lillie	6 06 00
Minerva	5 49 25	Coquette	6 13 00
Stella	5 55 08	Fairman	6 16 30
Pauline	5 58 58	White Wing	6 17 25

The Minerva, Clara, Coquette and Fairman win the four prizes for first-class boats. The Stella, Chris. Gallagher and Thomas win the three prizes for second-class boats. The Pratt and Esther win the two prizes for third-class boats A, and the J. Gallagher and Bianca (the Hasse having been ruled out for colliding with the Bianca, and also for losing a man overboard) win the two prizes for third-class boats B.

Although the wind was very light during the greater part of the race, yet owing to the third-class boats carrying so much canvas, they were enabled to make the regatta one of the most interesting ever sailed by the boats of this club.

The judges of the regatta were Capt. Chas. R. Dougherty, of the Southwork Yacht Club, Commodore Charles Cahill, and Vice Commodore R. G. Wilkins, of the Cooper's Point Yacht Club.

The next regatta will be that of the Southwork Yacht Club, June 20.

Information Wanted.

CAIRO ILL.—Editor Chicago Field:—Can you or any of your readers give me the desired information upon the following subject: We have a large grain and flour warehouse which is infested with rats, and have thought of putting in some ferrets. Do you think they would clear the place? Is there a liability of their killing rats and leaving them where they kill the rats, thus creating a stench; this has been a serious annoyance to us on account of rats dying on the place. If you think ferrets would do what we want, where can we procure a pair of good ones? Also, would they stay about the warehouse? H. BROS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Editor Chicago Field:—Can you or any of

your readers inform me where I can procure a picture of the best bred Scotch terrier in this or any other country? C. M.

DENTON, TEX.—Editor Chicago Field:—Can you or any of your readers give me the pedigree of Stafford's red Irish setter dog Kirby? W. J. A.

General Sporting Notes.

The following table shows the position of the League clubs for the championship, up to and including June 14:

Clubs.	Chicago.	Buffalo.	Detroit.	Worcester.	Cleveland.	Providence.	Boston.	Troy.	Games won.
Chicago	0	0	0	4	3	3	3	3	16
Buffalo	0	0	5	3	0	3	4	1	16
Detroit	0	1	0	2	0	2	4	4	13
Worcester	2	1	4	0	0	0	0	5	12
Cleveland	3	0	0	9	0	2	2	2	12
Providence	1	3	1	0	4	0	2	0	11
Boston	0	2	1	0	4	3	0	0	10
Troy	3	2	2	0	2	0	0	0	9
Games lost	9	9	13	12	13	13	15	15	99

THE Chicago Yacht Club regatta takes place to-day over the following course, starting promptly at 2 p. m.: For schooners and yachts of the first-class the course will be from the opening off Van Buren street, southeasterly to a stake-boat off Thirty-ninth street; thence northerly to the water-works crib; thence northwesterly to a stake-boat off Belmont avenue; thence return around the crib to the place of starting. For yachts of the second and third classes the courses will be the same as for the schooners, except the return around the crib, their course from the east stake-boat being to return directly to the place of starting. For the fourth-class yachts the course will be around the first stake-boat and crib only, all stake-boats to be passed on the port end. No prizes will be off-red for schooners or first-class yachts, but the time of these shall be taken, if practicable. There will be no race of first-class yachts, on account of the inability of the yacht Cora to enter. The following will start: The schooners Idler, Viking and Countess of Dufferin. Second-class—The yachts Ariel, sailed by G. E. Weir; Harry Burke, by R. T. Pettibone; Nameless, by J. Wilder. Third-class—Zephyr, by W. E. Barnum; Perl, by E. W. Lyster; Good Enough, by James Skillen. Fourth class—Fleetwing, by H. Henderson; Mischief, by C. J. Dugger; Wonder, by J. Wilder.

CITIZENS of Detroit are going wild with excitement over the recent successes of their representatives in the league. The ladies have exhausted the conservatory stocks in supplying them with bouquets, and the manly form of each member of the team is supported upon a cane presented them by admiring Michiganians. Only a few weeks ago they were the recipients of more curses than caresses. There is nothing more popular than success.

CORNELL will make another attempt to be admitted to the Visitor's Cup race at Henley, from which, up to this time, they have been excluded for not complying with some technicalities. Our English oarsmen having admitted the crew to part of the races of the Henley regatta, should not allow red tape to stand in the way of admitting them to full competition, and we hope to record in our next issue that this has been done.

The annual Spring regatta of the Yale navy took place on Lake Saltonstall. In the barge race, two miles with a turn, the sophomore class of '83 beat the juniors. Time, twelve minutes, fifty-two seconds; juniors' time, thirteen minutes, seven seconds. In the eight-oared shell race, one mile and a half straight away, a picked crew, composed mostly of seniors, defeated the freshmen.

THE FARRAGUT BOAT CLUB, of Chicago, have decided to join the Northwestern Amateur Rowing Association, and participate in their regatta to be held at Diamond Lake, Mich., in the latter part of July. A new six-oared racing barge, built by Glass, of Philadelphia, has just been received, and Bayley, of Chicago, has an order from the club for a new pleasure barge, to be completed July 1.

HANLAN and Wise made a race very recently, while both men were angry at each other, to row five miles in lap-streak boats for \$1,000 a side, and put up \$500 forfeit. As soon as they recovered their tempers they agreed to draw the stakes, and declare the match off, but this was not done until the news was telegraphed all over the world of the match having been made.

THE regatta of the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association will take place at Peoria, Ill., June 23, 24 and 25. The entries show contestants from Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Indiana and Louisiana. All the races will be one mile and return, excepting the barge contest, which will be one mile straight away.

ROWELL, the pedestrian, intends to try to make six hundred miles in six days, and will accept odds of 1,000 to 2,000 that he will succeed. He intends to retire after this match.

THE following league games were postponed on account of of rain; June 14, Chicago and Providence, Cleveland and Troy, and Buffalo and Worcester.

BOSTON and Troy will be a tie for the little end of the championship as soon as the latter has won one more game.

DANIEL O'LEARY left for Europe, June 7, on the Gulon steamer Wyoming. His trip is solely for pleasure.

DETROIT, at Boston, June 13, administered their fourth straight beating to the home team; score, two to nothing.

BOSTON, at home, June 14, defeated Detroit in a ten-inning game, played in the rain; score, ten to nine.

CHICAGO, at Providence, June 13, defeated the home team; score, twelve to five.

BUFFALO, at Worcester, June 13, captured the Worcester team; score, ten to nine.

BUFFALO, at Boston, June 9, defeated the home team; score, one to nothing.

DETROIT defeated Troy June 9, at Troy, by a score of one to nothing.

WORCESTER, at home, June 9, captured Chicago; score seven to six.

PROVIDENCE, at home, June 9, defeated Cleveland; score, six to two.

TROY, at home, June 13, defeated Cleveland; score, three to two.

BUFFALO has won two games and lost none since our last report.

TROY, at home, June 7, defeated Detroit; score, three to nothing.

CHICAGO and Buffalo are tied for the championship.

CLEVELAND has won no games since our last report.

Ties on 8, 21 yards. 11001-3 White 11111-5
Grant 11011-4 L. Bennett 0110w

White wins third.

Ties on 7 divided.
Shoot No. 2.—Ten balls, 18 yards rise, Card's rotating traps; entrance, price of balls. Four prizes: first, Smith & Wesson revolver, case and cartridges; second, one half dozen fine shirts; third, two volumes Frank Forester's sporting works, and fourth, one bag shot. The following entries and scores were made:

Newell 11110 10000-5	Jameson 10111 11111-9
Horton 10410 11111-8	Creighton 00010 10011-4
Baars 01111 11010-7	L. Bennett 11111 11100-8
Sweet 00101 10011-5	Pearson 11111 11111-10
Norris 01101 01100-5	Newmaster 11101 10010-6
Conger 11111 11110-9	Follett 01101 11111-8
White 01111 11100-7	S. Crowell 00110 00101-4
Barnard 10111 10101-6	W. D. Bennett 11001 1011-7
Chamblin 10111 01001-6	Calkins 11111 10100-7
Egan 00001 11111-6	Gilbert 10111 1011-8
Gunn 11101 01000-5	Widdicombe 01111 1111-9
Slayton 11101 01000-5	Hall 01110 11100-6
J. Crowell 01101 1011-5	Friant 01110 0111-7
Lockwood 01111 01111-8	Dennis 10001 11111-7

White, Jameson, and Widdicombe divided first.

Ties on 8, 21 yards. 11111-5 L. Bennett 11111-5
Horton 11111-5 Follett 11111-5
Norriss 0011w Gilbert 11111-5
Lockwood 0011w

Second tie. 11110-4 Follett 11101-4
Norriss 11110-3 Gilbert 01111-4
Bennett 01100-2

Third tie. 01111-4 Gilbert 10110-3
Follett 11111-5

Follett wins second.

Ties on 7, 21 yards. 11101-4 Calkins 11111-5
Baars 0110w Friant 01110-3
W. D. Bennett 11110-4 Dennis 11101-3

Calkins wins third.

Shoot No. 3.—Ten balls, 18 yards rise, Bogardus traps; entrance 75 cents and balls; four purses.

Pearson 11111 11111-10	T. S. White 11111 01110-8
Newell 10101 01010-8	Friant 00011 00101-4
Horton 11111 11101-9	Dennis 01110 01111-7
Norriss 01101 10011-6	Newmaster 11111 01011-7
Chamblin 11101 10110-7	Lewis 11111 10111-9
Baars 10111 11111-9	Jameson 01001 01011-7
Sweet 00111 01111-7	Kamp 01011 10010-5
Gunn 11100 00011-4	Calkins 10111 10010-5
Follett 00111 11111-8	Sprague 10111 10000-5
Egan 11100 10001-5	Johnson 10011 01010-5
Wyman 10000 10000-3	Widdicombe 10111 01000-5
J. L. White 01111 00100-5	Slayton 11111 01111-9
Barnard 00000 01000-1	Creighton 00000 10111-4
Hall 00000 01000-1	Gould 11110 10111-8
Lockwood 01111 01110-7	Conger 00010 10110-1

Pearson wins first.

Ties on 9, 21 yards. 11011-4 Lewis 01011-3
Horton 11111-5 Slayton 11111-5
Baars 11111-5

Baars and Slayton divide second.

Ties on 8, 21 yards. 00110-2 Gould 10101-3
Follett 01110-3

White and Gould divided third.

Ties on 7, 21 yards. 11110-3 Newmaster 10w
Chamblin 11110-4 Jameson 0w
Sweet 11110-4 Calkins 11111-5
Lockwood 1110w
Dennis 11110-4

Calkins wins fourth.

Shoot 4.—Teams composed of any two members present. 15 balls each man. Entrance, price of balls. Card's rotary trap. Four special prizes—1st, two silver cups; 2d, two pieces terra cotta statuary; 3d, silk hat and revolver; 4th, two bags shot.

Newell 11111 01111 01111-13	Jameson 10011 01010 10100-8-21
Lockwood 11101 10110 10110-9	
Conger 00001 00101 00101-5-14	
Kamp 11111 11101 10111-12-25	
Lewis 00110 00011 00011-6	
Arntz 10101 11111 10111-12-18	
Creighton 11101 11101 01110-10	
Newmaster 11101 11101 01111-11-21	
Sweet 10111 11111 01011-12	
Widdicombe 10111 11111 01011-12	
Gould 11101 10111 11111-13-25	
Calkins 01001 11111 11111-12	
Follett 11111 11111 11101-14-26	
Egan 11101 00111 11111-12	
Pearson 11111 10111 10101-12-24	
S. Crowell 10111 10010 00000-6	
W. D. Bennett 11010 01010 10110-9-15	
Sprague 01001 11100 01111-9	
Johnson 11100 01011 00100-7-16	
Crowell 11101 10110 10100-9	
L. Bennett 11111 01111 01110-12-21	
Wyman 10100 11111 01001-9	
J. L. White 01111 11111 10110-12-21	
Norriss 00111 01111 10111-11	
Friant 11111 01110 11111-13-24	
Dennis 01110 11111 11111-12	
Horton 11101 11111 11111-14-26	
Heath 01101 01101 01111-10	
Ralph 00000 01011 01111-7-17	
Gunn 10100 10011 10100-7	
Hall 01011 10110 01000-7-14	
Chamblin 01110 11111 00111-11	
Slayton 11100 10011 00110-8-19	
White, T. S. 11111 11101 10111-14	
Baars 11111 01111 11111-13-27	
Richmond 11111 11110 01010-10	
Gilbert 01111 11111 11110-13-23	

White and Baars win first.

Ties on 23, 21 yards. 11101-4 Dennis 01011-3
Calkins 11101-4 Horton 11101-4-7

Calkins and Follett win second.

Lewis and Kamp win third prize.

Ties on 24. 1001w Egan 11101-4
Friant 0111w Pearson 11101-4-8

Egan and Pearson win fourth.

SECOND DAY, JUNE 3.

Shoot No. 5, 10 balls, Card's rotary trap, 18 yards rise, entrance \$1 and balls, four purses.

Calkins 11001 01010-6	Sprague 11001 00001-4
Chamblin 11101 11101-9	Newell 11111 11100-8
Horton 11101 11111-9	Dennis 11111 11111-10
Geer 01101 01010-6	Kamp 11111 11111-10
Johnson 11101 11011-7	Creighton 10001 10100-5
Lewis 11101 01100-6	Arntz 11100 10100-5
Egan 01110 11110-7	Norriss 01111 11101-8
Follett 11101 11111-9	Friant 00111 01111-7
Black 01101 01100-5	Locke 01111 11111-9
Heath 00001 00011-4	Gould 01010 01011-7
Slayton 11101 11010-7	T. S. White 11101 11111-9
Grant 10111 11010-7	Lockwood 11001 10110-6
Gunn 00010 10011-4	Baars 11111 11111-10
Sheldon 11000 00000-2	Conger 00011 01011-6
Jameson 10001 11001-5	Berry 10011 00100-4

Dennis, Kamp and Baars divided first.

Ties on 9, 21 yards. 11011-4 Locke 00110-2
Horton 11110-4 T. S. White 11111-5

White won second.

Chamblin, Newell and Norris divided third.

Ties on 7. 11101-3 Friant 00011-2
Johnson 00101-2 Gould 11101-4
Grant 01111-4

Grant and Gould divided fourth.

Shoot No. 6—Fifteen balls each man, 18 yards rise, Card's rotary trap; entrance, price of balls; four prizes, first, suit of clothes; second, Ballard rifle; third, pair gold sleeve buttons; fourth, 6 1/2 lbs. powder, 250 shells.

Newell 11001 00000 11101-7	
Gunn 00010 10001 01000-4	
Dennis 11111 01111 11111-13	
Heath 01101 01111 01000-8	
Kamp 11110 11101 10111-12	
Pearson 11111 01111 10110-13	

Gilbert 01110 11011 11011-11	
Calkins 11011 11111 00101-11	
Follett 00000 11111 01011-8	
Slayton 01111 10111 11111-13	
Lewis 01111 11111 11110-13	
Baars 11111 11111 11111-15	
Grant 10110 11111 01011-10	
Jameson 01111 11111 11101-13	
Gould 11111 01111 11111-13	
Hewitt 11010 11111 11110-13	
Johnson 11111 11100 01111-12	
Norris 11010 11011 01111-11	
Locke 00110 11111 11100-10	
New 01011 11110 11110-11	
Black 00101 01111 00101-8	
Egan 11101 11111 00111-12	
Horton 11111 11111 11111-15	
Geer 11111 11111 01011-13	
T. S. White 10110 11011 11110-11	
Creighton 10011 01110 10100-8	
Sprague 10100 10101 11110-10	
Arntz 10100 00001 01010-6	
Sheldon 01011 01010 10101-8	
Lockwood 00101 11110 0w	
Barnard 10010 01010 00111-7	
Chamblin 11111 01110 11111-13	
Mudge 10111 11111 10011-12	
Conger 11011 11111 01000-10	
Hoham 01000 01010 01011-6	
Friant 11010 01111 10111-11	
Berry 00111 00011 10100-8	

Ties on 15, 21 yards. 10111-4 Horton 11111-5

Horton won first; Gould won second.

Ties on 13, 21 yards. 10111-4 Jameson 1010w
Dennis 11110-4 Geer 11111-5
Slayton 0011w Chamblin 1110w

Geer won third.

Ties on 12, 21 yards. 01010-2 Egan 10101-3
Kamp 11100-3 Johnson 10111-1
Hewitt 10000-1 Mudge 0110w

Johnson won fourth.

Shoot No. 7—10 balls, 18 yards rise, entrance \$1 and balls. Four purses.

Dennis 11010 11110-7	Sprague 11110 11110-8
Locke 01111 10000-6	Pearson 11111 11100-7
Follett 11110 11110-8	T. S. White 11111 11011-9
Chamblin 11111 11110-9	Mudge 10101 11111-8
Hoham 10100 10000-3	Calkins 11011 11111-9
Calkins 10111 01010-6	Gould 11011 01111-8
Baars 11001 11111-8	Horton 11111 11111-10
Geer 11101 10111-8	Jameson 01110 11111-8
Gilbert 11111 11110-9	Hewitt 11110 10111-7
Kamp 10101 11111-8	Sheldon 00011 11110-6
Grant 11111 01111-9	Slayton 01111 11101-8
Lewis 00111 11011-7	

Horton won first.

Ties on 9, 21 yards. 10010-2 White 11111-5
Chamblin 10010-2 Calkins 11111-5

White and Calkins divided second.

Ties on 8, 21 yards. 10101-3

First tie. 10011-3 Mudge 11111-5
Baars 11110-4 Gould 11111-5
Geer 11111-5 Jameson 100w
Kamp 11111-5 Slayton 0111w
Sprague 11111-5

Second tie. 11110-4 Mudge 00w
Kamp 0110w Gould 10110-3
Sprague 1110w

Geer won third.

Ties on 7, 21 yards. 11110-4

First tie. 00111-3 Pearson 11101-4
Dennis 10110-3 Hewitt 01111-4

Second tie. 11101-4 Hewitt 10111-4

Third tie. 11101-4 Hewitt 11110-4

Pearson and Hewitt divided fourth.

Shoot No. 8.—Team Shoot. Teams composed of five members from any club present; 25 balls each man, 18 yards rise, Card's rotary trap; special prize to winners, gold medal. The following entries and scores were made:

Muskegon Club.

Newell 00111 11011 00101 10000 00011-12	
New 01011 10110 10010 01110 11111-16	
Hewitt 11101 11111 10111 10101 0101-20	
Jameson 01010 11011 01001 01010 1010-13	
Creighton 10001 00111 00101 10011 11011-14-75	

Hastings Club.

Grant 01111 11111 11111 10011 11111-22	
Geer 11111 11111 11011 10101 10111-22	
Mudge 11110 11110 11110 01000 11111-18	
Black 10010 10101 01010 01001 10101-13	
Huntington 01010 01111 11111 00111 10111-17-92	

Grand Haven and Spring Lake Club.

White, T. S. 10011 10111 11111 11011 00111-19	
Pearson 11111 11111 11011 10101 11011-21	
Slayton 11011 11111 11011 11110 10100-19	
Chamblin 11110 01110 11011 11111 10101-19	
Friant 11001 10001 10101 11111 10110-16-91	

Greenville Club.

Lewis 11011 10111 11111 10000 01010-16	
Kamp 10001 01011 11111 11111 11111-20	
Sprague 11011 01111 11111 01001 10010-16	
Johnson 00010 11011 01011 01001 11100-13	
Follett 10100 10110 00101 10101 10111-14-79	

Kent County Sportsman's Club of Grand Rapids.

Horton 11101 01111 01111 11111 11111-22	
Dennis 11111 10101 10100 01011 11111-19	
Baars 11111 11111 11111 11111 11110-24	
Gould 11111 11101 10110 11011 11011-20	
Gilbert 10111 11111 11111 11111 10110-22-107	

Won by the Kent County Sportsman's Club of Grand Rapids.

Tournament at Carbondale.

CARBONDALE, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Inclosed please find result of glass ball tournament held at this place May 19 and 20. There was a fair attendance considering the short time had to notify the shooters. Several counties were represented, and judging from what I could learn, all enjoyed it and were well satisfied. The balls were thrown from two mole traps. The score is not very fine, still some little excitement resulted from it. We think this will cause more interest to be taken in such sport and result in our having a Southern Illinois Sportsmen's Association. It was talked up and I think that at DuQuoin on July 4, when and where they expect to have a tournament, it will be accomplished.

FIRST DAY.

Purse No. 1.—Class shooting; 10 single balls; 18 yards rise; entrance fee \$3; four prizes; 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

John Smith 11111 11111-8	J. Weinberg 11111 11111-8
J. F. Jennelle 11111 11111-8	V. Glodo 11111 11111-8
C. F. Richards 11111 11111-8	J. S. McClintock 11111 11111-8
Don Oustott 11111 11111-8	T. Osborn 11111 11111-8
J. Joplin 11111 11111-8	

Weinberg took first money; second money divided between Richards and McClintock; Jennelle took third money; Oustott took fourth money.

Ties shot off at 3 balls, 21 yards rise.

Purse No. 2.—Class shooting; 10 single balls; 18 yards rise; entrance fee \$2.50; five prizes; 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

J. Young.....	6	Dr. Mitchell.....	8
Don Oustott.....	4	V. Glodo.....	8
H. Batty.....	5	F. S. Kent.....	8
J. Joplin.....	7	R. G. Sylvester.....	8
J. C. Melsenheimer.....	4	J. J. Jennelle.....	8
		C. P. Richards.....	8

as well
led or
LENN.

C. W. Burch 00110 001
I. H. Dillon..... R.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE.—By a large majority the people of the United States have declared their faith in Kidney-Wort as a remedy for numerous diseases of the kidneys and liver, some, however, have disliked the trouble of preparing it from the dry form. For such a new candidate appears in the shape of Kidney-Wort in "Liquid Form." It is very convenient, is easily taken and is equally efficient as the dry. *Tri-Louville Post.*—(Adv't.)

WANTS AND EXCHANGES.

ADVERTISEMENTS under this head (excepting Kennel advertisements, which must go under their proper department) inserted for Three Cents for each word. The money must be sent with the advertisement.

HOLABIRD SHOOTING SUITS.—UTTERHOFF & McLELLAN, Valparaiso, Ind. 14-21-11
SECOND HAND R. L. GUN, 10 pounds, 3 1/2, D. 12 G. Address J. P. HARKER, Brookfield, Mo. Box 18, 15-19-11

FOR SALE—A Henry repeating rifle, in first-class order, with 500 cartridges. Address HENRY RIFLE, care Chicago Field. 15-6-11

DANBURY—The Chicago Field always on sale at Roll's News Office and Yankee Notion Store, 241 Main St., Danbury, Conn. 15-8-11

WANTED—Two brace of dogs, to be trained on chicken in Minnesota, the coming season. W. B. STAFFORD, Mankato, Minn. 15-10-11

FOR SALE CHEAP—A fine Parker Bros. breech-loading shot gun. Satisfactory reasons for selling. W. A. TAYLOR, Hudson, Wis. 15-19-11

FOR SALE—The Chicago Field every Friday morning at SMITH'S, Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer, 132 Dearborn St., Chicago. 15-19-11

WILL SELL CHEAP OR EXCHANGE for a breech-loading gun, the Llewellyn setter, Lady, Brevon-bred, by champion Leicester ex Orphan. T. H. GIBBS, Columbia, S. C. 15-19-11

FOR SALE—Either of two duck guns—an extra fine hammerless twelve pound, ten gauge, or a fine ten pound, twelve gauge. For price and description address E. L. MAYO, De Kalb, Ill. 15-11-11

FOR SALE—An E. Schmidt and Habermann 10 lb., 10 gauge, 13 inch barreled, breech-loading shot gun; pistol grip, horn tipped; very handsomely engraved; cost \$25. Will sell at a great reduction. Address F. H. C. care Chicago Field. 15-11-11

NEW IMPROVED ENGLISH GROUND TRAPS—As used in all the great matches, Bogardus—R. M. B. Bogardus—Jewett; Lucas—Price; Bogardus and son—Lucas and Price, etc., etc. No in-comers. Half the price of any others and much better made. Every club send address to G. WYNN PRICE, St. Louis, Mo. 15-18-11

KENNEL.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted under this head for 25 cents a line for the first insertion, and 15 cents for each subsequent insertion. If displayed, \$3.50 per inch for first, and \$2.50 for each subsequent insertion.

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Francis O. de Luze & Co.
18 S. William Street,
NEW YORK.

SOLE AGENTS.

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DOG CAKES,

SPRATT'S

DOG SOAP,

SPRATT'S

Forage Food
FOR SALE IN CHICAGO BY F. P. TAYLOR.
7-1-11 72 East Madison St.

Moorefield Kennel.

In the Stud to a limited number of
Approved Bitches Only.

DARKIE, celebrated champion Field Trial winner, Imported (Rhyll-Dolly). 40
COURT DAN, imported, (Dan-Countess). 40
ROCKBERRY, imported, (Hitter brother to E. Llewellyn's great Count Windem) (Count Dick-Phantom). 40
COUNT FAIR, (Count Windem-Norma, winner First in Puppy Stakes, Patoka, Ill., and Second in Brace Stakes with Lincoln. 85
CHAMPION BEELEY (Eicho-Loo II), probably the finest made Irish setter in the world. 50
THUNDER, p. re Laverack setter, Pride of the Border-Fairy II, winner of many prizes on the bench and in the field. 50
RALEIGH (Eicho-Rose), winner of Second prize Free for All stakes, when only 18 months old, at Eastern Field Trials, Long Island, 1879. 35
CHAMPION BOB, imported Gordon setter, (Lang-Floss) First prize Birmingham, 1879. 40
Second Birmingham, 1879. 40
First Kennel Club's Winter show, at Brighton, 1879, and other prizes. 40
LA GUY, imported, small pointer, liver and white ticked (Lloyd Price's champ on Bang-Juno). 40
DONALD, imported, small pointer, liver and white ticked, winner 1st Birmingham, Crystal Palace and many others, by Bob-Sampho. 40
BANG, imported, large sized pointer, liver and white (Garth's Old Drake-Grecian Bend). 35
DASH, imported, black spaniel, by champion Bachelor ex Smutty; full brother to Mr. Thomas Jacob's celebrated spaniel Kathr. 20
Address, A. H. MOORE,
1711 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa.
13-2-11

The Sporting Dog and Field Trial Club
(Limited), Kilvington, Thirsk, York-
shire, England, have for sale the
following brace of High-class,
Large-sized Pointers:

BURSTONE, whelped December, 1878, own brother, younger litter to St. Louis Kennel Club's Bow. Burstone is one of the headmost large-sized pointers of the day, winner of first in Devonshire, beating Bang II (winner at Birmingham), and second Birmingham, 1880. Burstone has a magnificent nose, is very staunch, backs well, and is fast, and in good hands will make a field trial winner. Price, \$100.
JUNO (3017), by Mike-Juno, by Hamlet II-Venus; Mike by Bang (729) out of Selia. Juno is the ha domest large point, r bitch in England, and is the dam of Mr. A. H. Moore's La Guy, first at New York, and of Mr. S. Price's prize bitch Cleome, and is besides being a first-rate mother and brood bitch, the winner of the following prizes: Barnstable, first, 1879; Exeter, first, 1879; Alexandra Palace, third, 1879; 11-usell, second, 1880; Fletcher's Fan, first; Birmingham, first, 1880, (Fan, second); Alexandra Palace, second, 1881.
Also for sale one bitch puppy, suitable for field trials next year, whelped Feb. 23, 1881, by Mr. Price's celebrated Old Bang (729), out of Juno, as above. This puppy is very handsome, own sister to La Guy, and as she is about the last of the Bangs, will be very valuable as a brood bitch. Price for Juno, \$100; for her puppy, \$20.
For further particulars, apply to the Secretary as above, 15-15-11

KENNEL.

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB,

COMMENCING ON

Thanksgiving Day of 1881.

ROBINS' ISLAND STAKES; or, Eastern Field Trials Derby.

Open for all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes:—First, \$150; second, \$100; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5. \$10 additional to all. Nominations for this stake to close positively October 1, 1881.

PECONIC; or, All-Aged Stakes.

Open to all setters and pointers. First prize, \$250; second, \$150; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5, with \$20 additional to all. Nominations to close positively on October 1, 1881. To this stake will be added, by the club, a special prize of \$100 or a silver cup of equal value, at the option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBER'S STAKE.

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. The prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the "Eastern Field Trials Cup of 1881." Entrance \$10, payable at time of nomination, and entries to close October 1.

JACOB PENTZ, Sec'y, P.O. Box 274, New York City.

J. OTTO DONNER, Prest.

ORANGE JUDD CO.,

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